

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

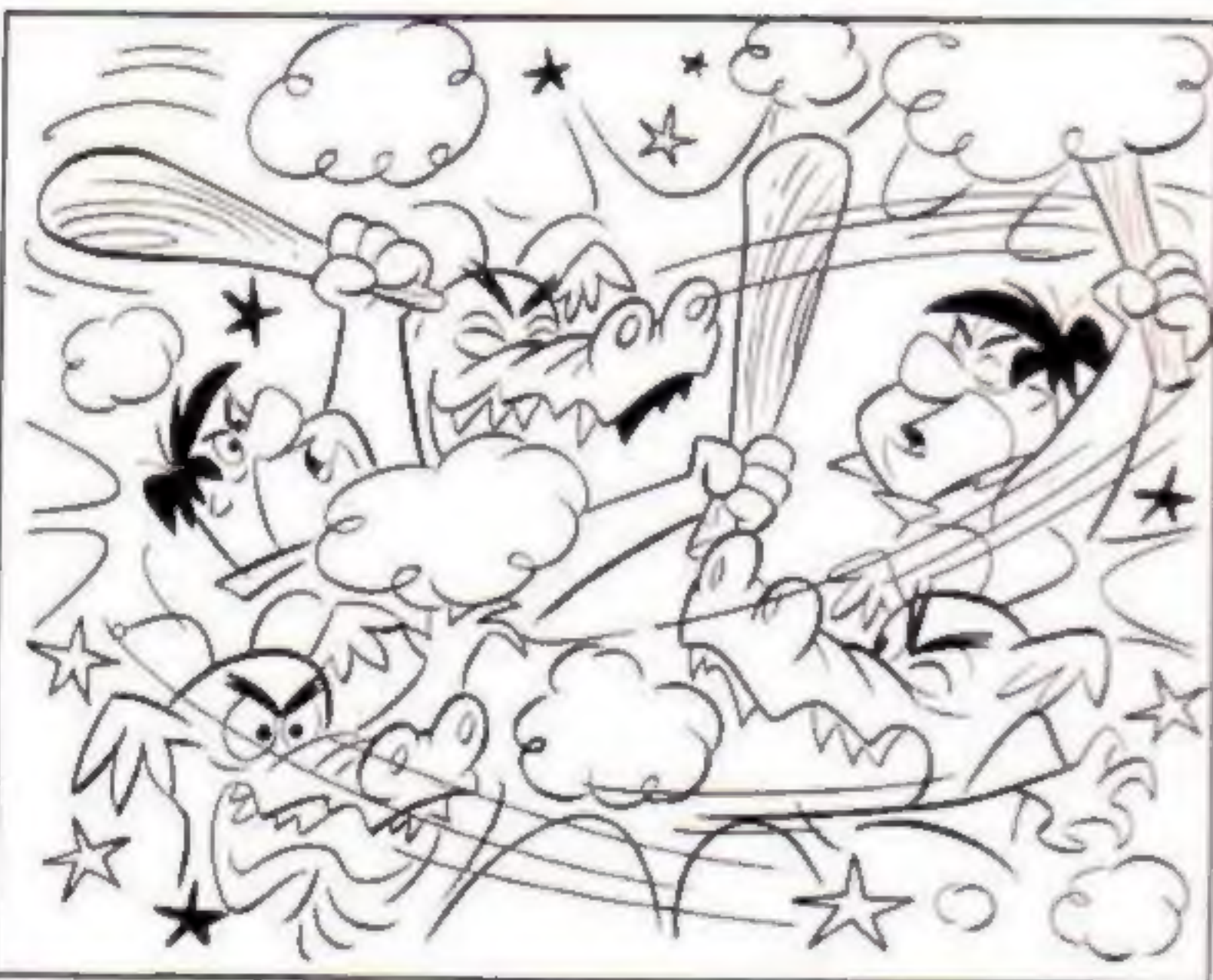
12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES





FRED! FRED!
SOME SORT OF
SAURUS IS LOOKING
AT PEBBLES!

GRR! I'LL SEE
THAT THE VARMINT
SOON BECOMES
SCARCE!

BBBD
GOO!

ABBA
DABBA
GOO!

GO, AND NEVER CAST YOUR SHADOW
OVER OUR DARLING DAUGHTER AGAIN!

HTHKTLTI!

TCH-TCH! A *THISTLE*!
PEBBLES MIGHT HAVE
GOTTEN HURT TOUCHING IT!

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THEY WERE JUST TOKENS OF MY ADMIRATION FOR YOU AND WILMA!

TH- THEY WERE FOR US?!



... NOT FOR PEBBLES?

I'VE GOT PEBBLES' GIFT RIGHT HERE ...DON'T WORRY!



A BRAND-NEW HAIR RIBBON FOR YOU, MY LITTLE PET!

ABBA-DABBA-GOO-GOO!



NOW I'LL BE SURE NOT TO LOSE YOU WHEN WE GO FOR OUR WALK!



W-WALK?!

SURE! RELAX! I'LL KEEP HOLD OF HER NEW BOW SO SHE CAN'T WANDER FROM ME!

BYE-BYE, MAMA AND PAPA!

BOO-GOO!



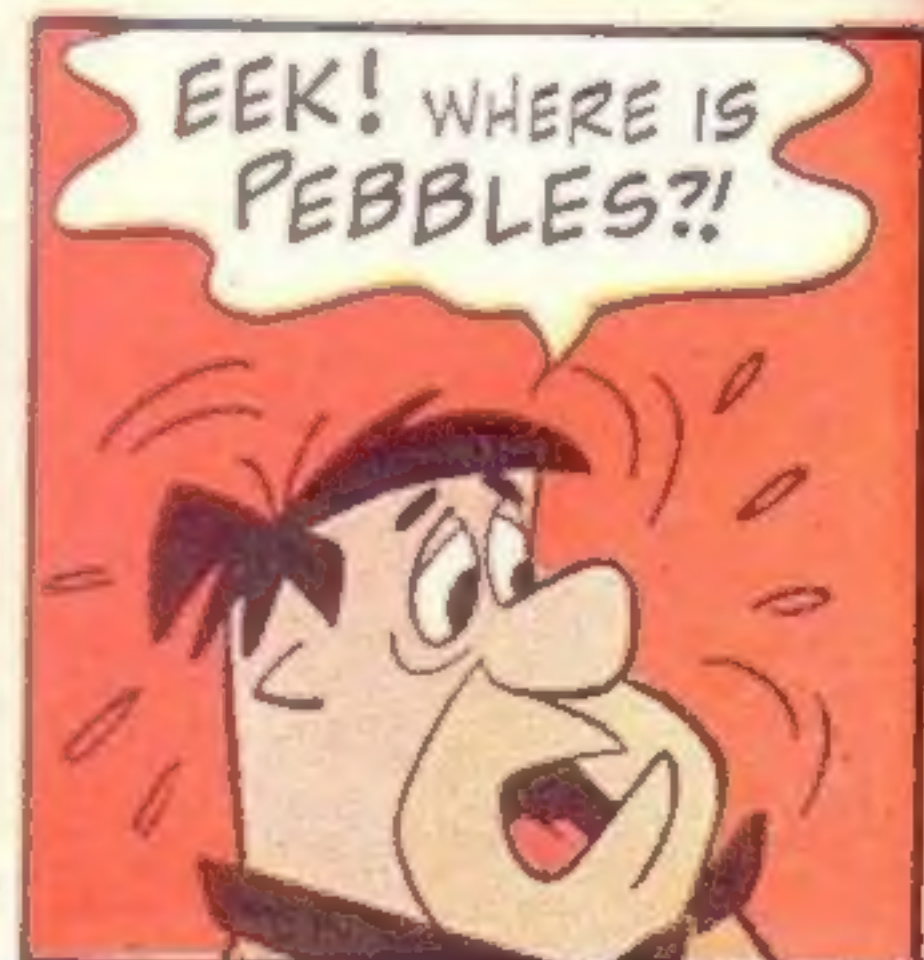
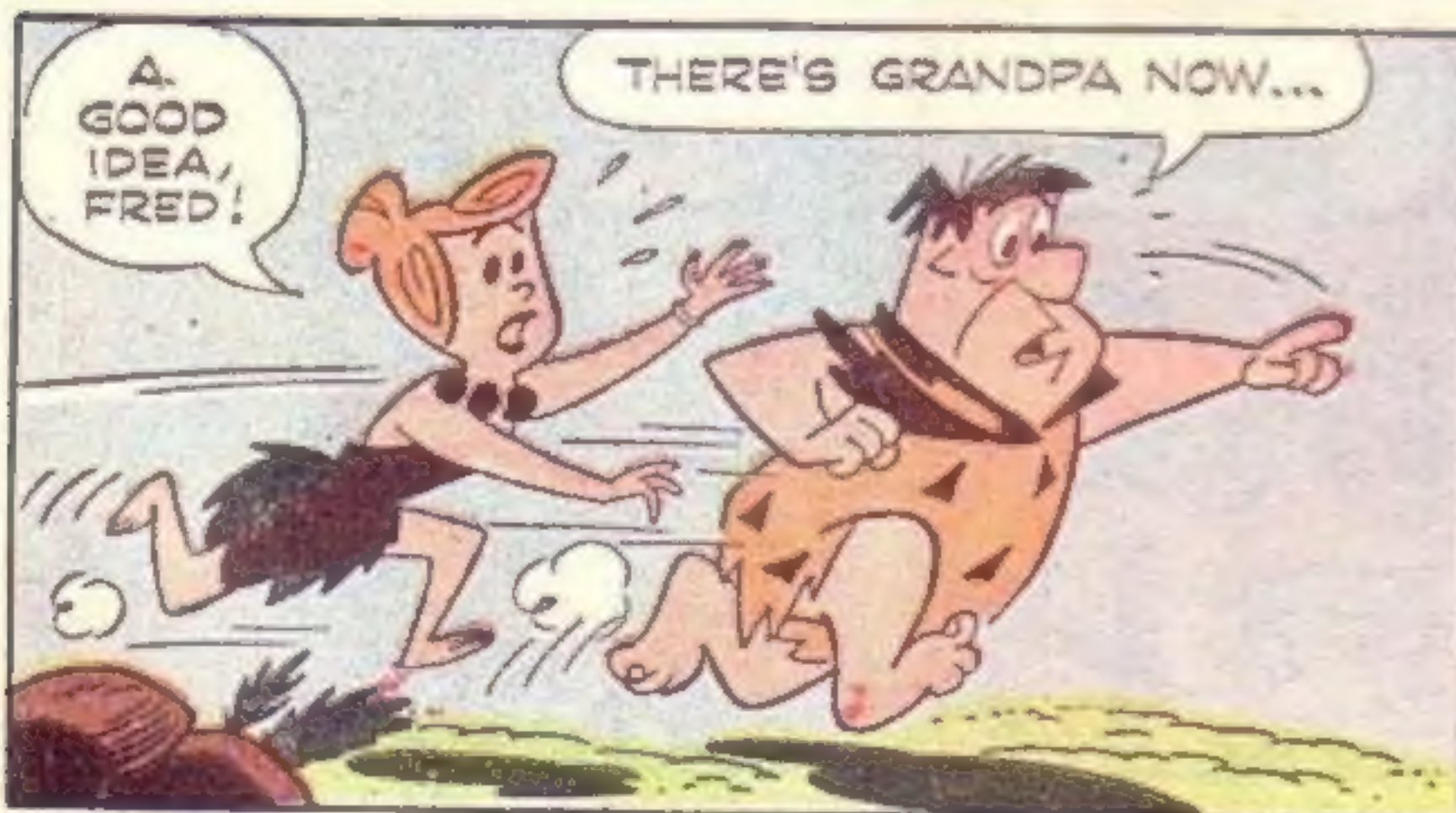
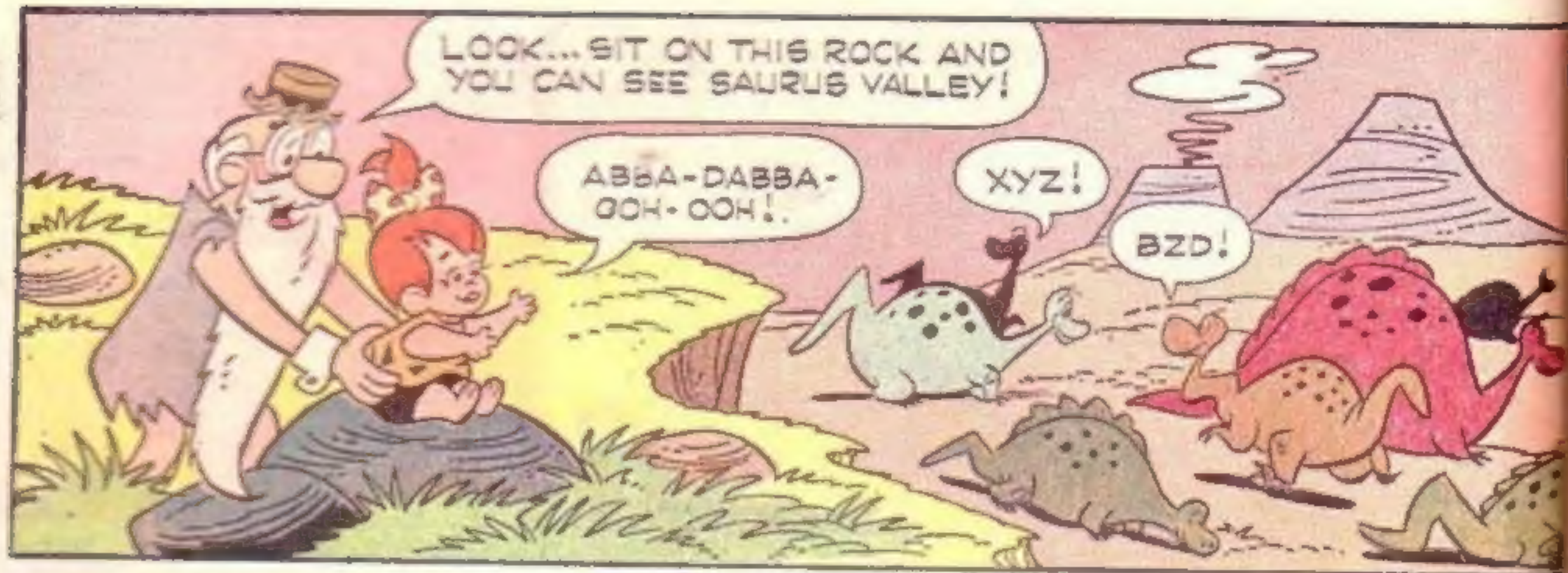
ER... DON'T WORRY, DEAR... GRANDPA WAS COUNTY WRESTLING CHAMP ONE YEAR!

YEAH, BUT THAT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO!



AHAH... PEBBLES AND GRANDPA ARE GOING TO SEE ALL THE WONDERS OF NATURE!





WHY, SHE'S RIGHT *HERE*, FOLKS ...

OH, GRANDPA ... TAKE
A *CLOSER* LOOK!



OOPS! A
BUTTERFLY!?



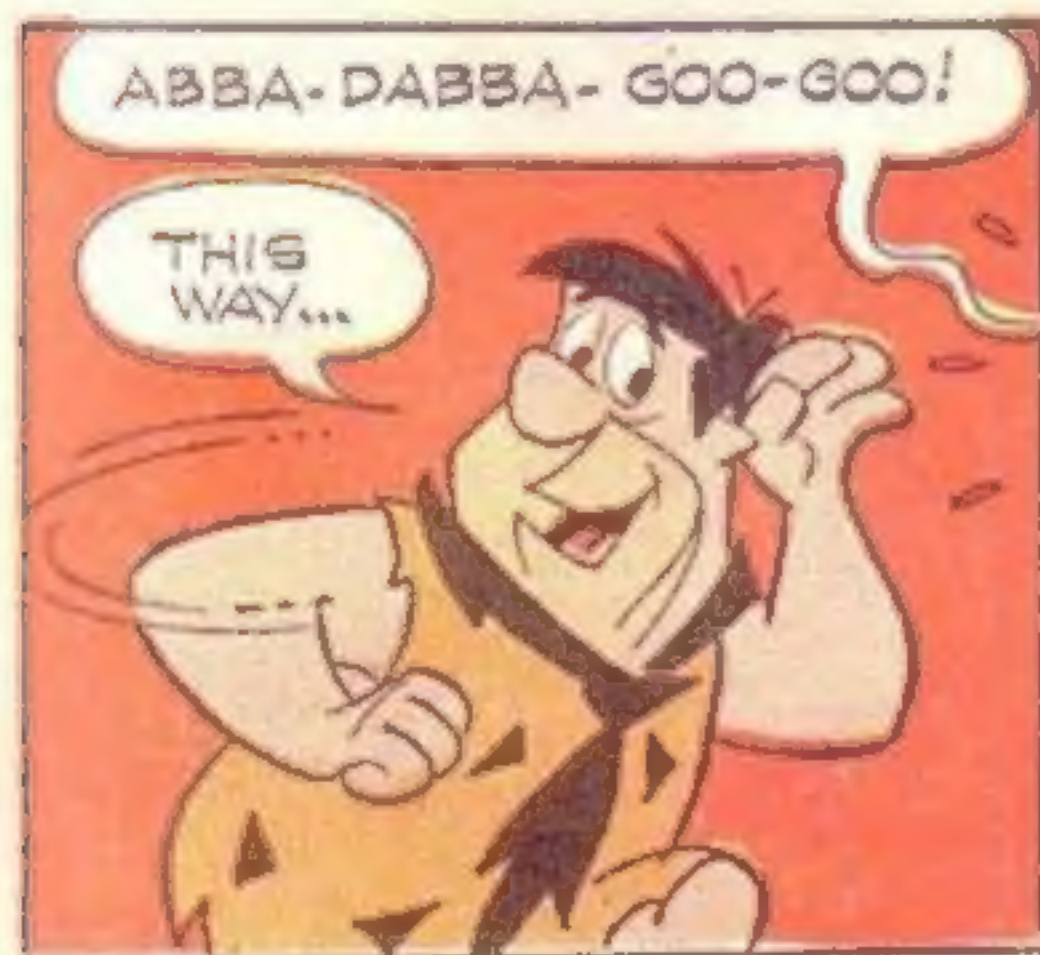
PEBBLES!!

LANDSAKES!
DON'T GET
HYSTERICAL!



ABBA-DABBA- GOO-GOO!

THIS
WAY...



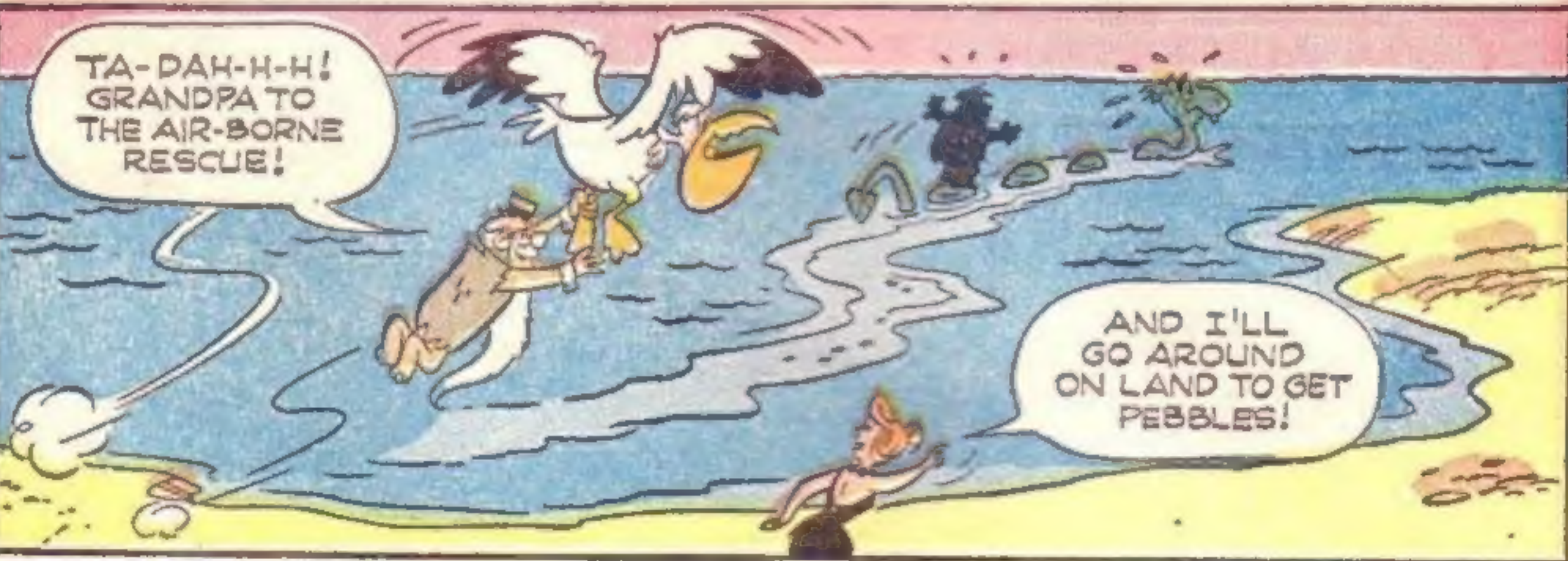
WHERE ARE YOU,
PEBBLES?

LOOK—THERE SHE IS,
ACROSS THE INLET...



I'LL GO ACROSS IN A JIFFY
VIA THESE STEPPING STONES...









ABBA-
DABBA-
GOO-
GOO!

WHEN IT
COMES TO
CRITTERS,
PEBBLES
HAS
BETTER
COMMUN-
ICATION
WITH
THEM
THAN
WITH
PEOPLE...



KXQS!

SQXK!



DADDA- MAMA-
ABBA- GOO!

KTL!

BLESS HER HEART!
BUT WHAT HELP CAN A
BABY BE AT A TIME
LIKE THIS?

DON'T
COME ANY
CLOSER!



HEY! LET GO OF MY TIE,
YOU RUDE BEAST!

BRNG
MBK!



OHO! I GET IT... HE'S
PULLING ME OUT... ARGH...
IF I DON'T CHOKE FIRST...

TUG!
TUG!

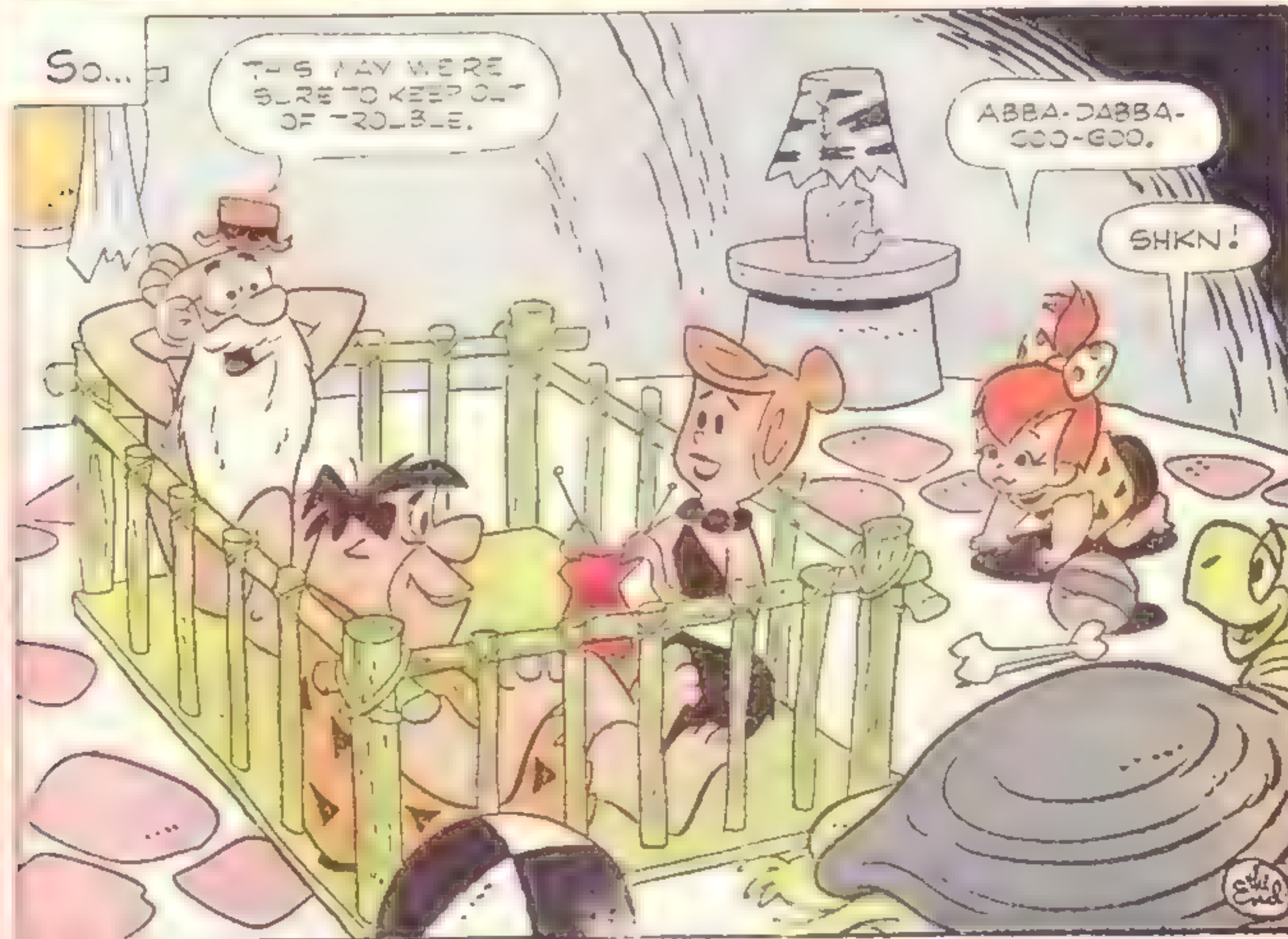
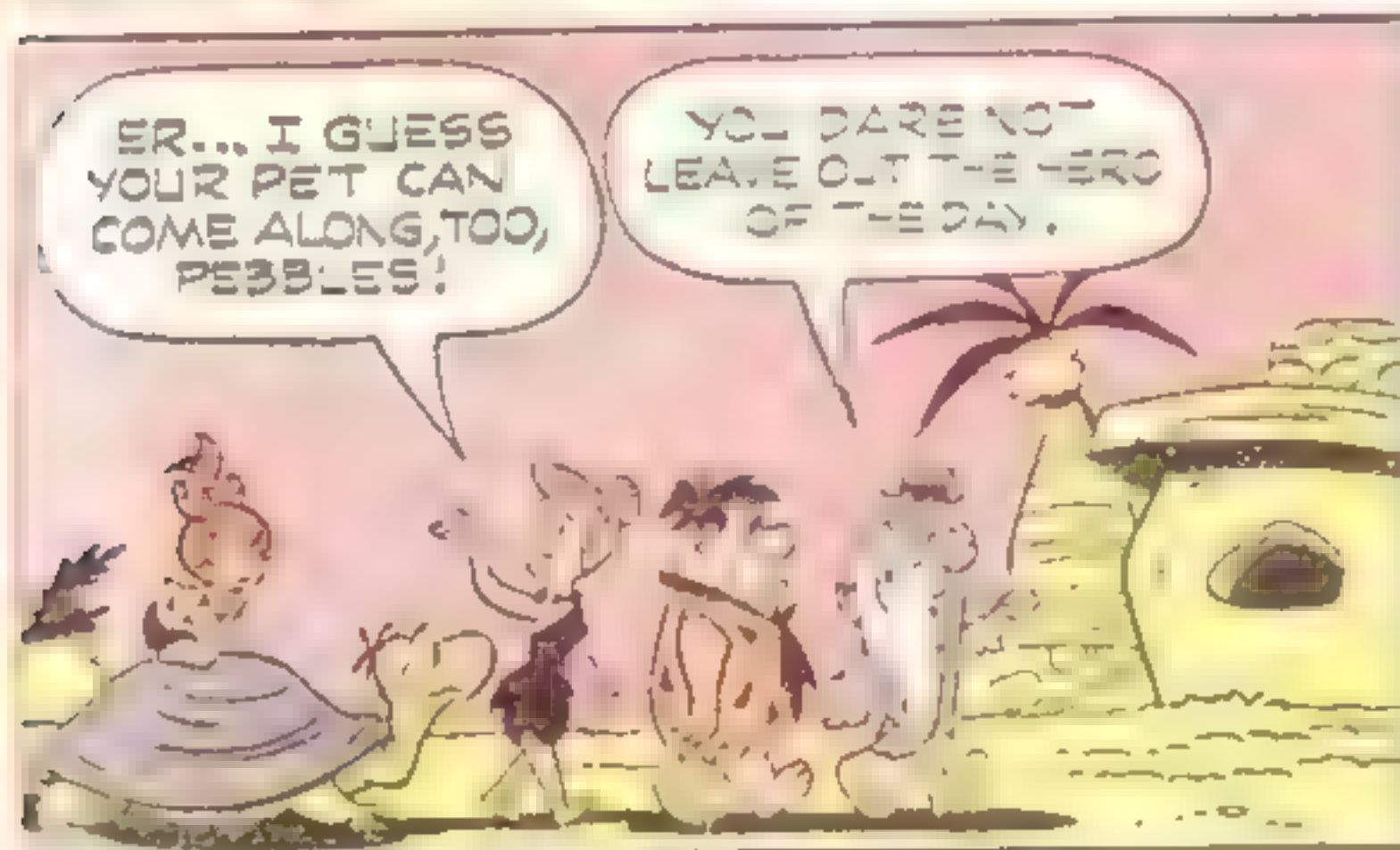
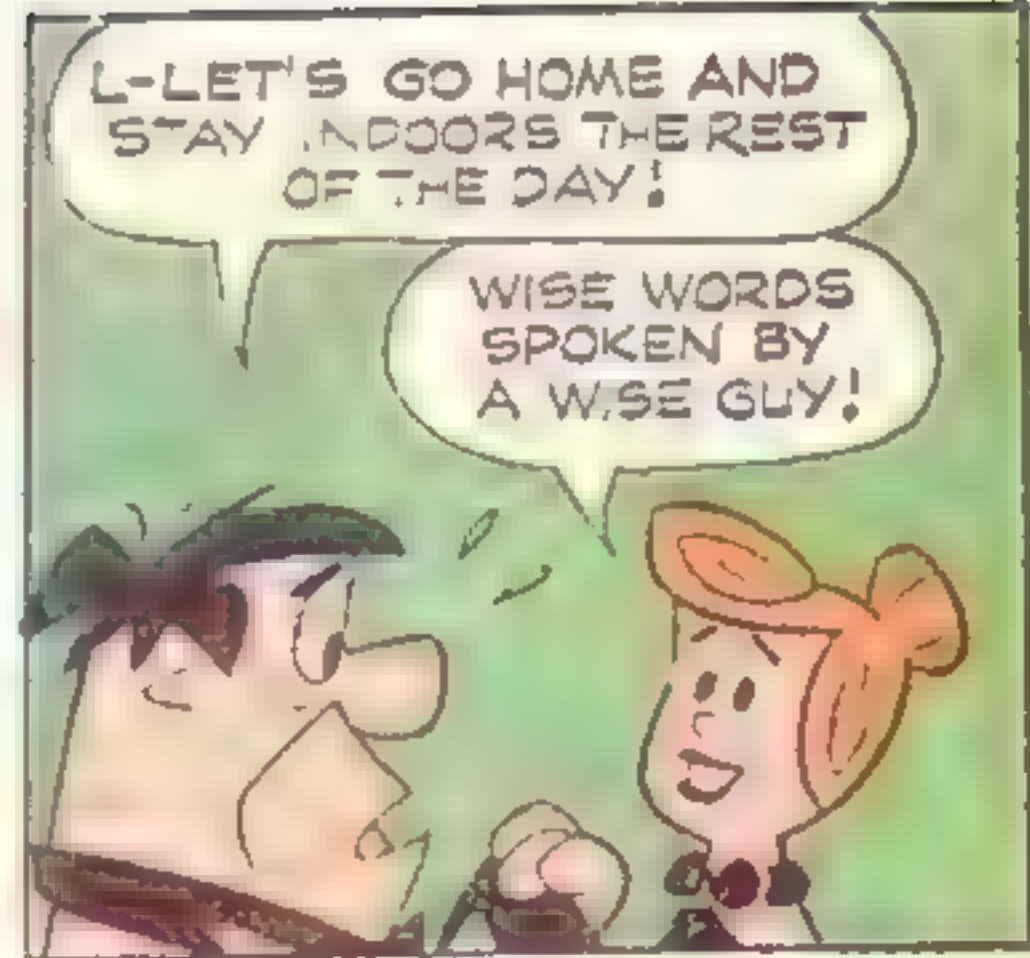
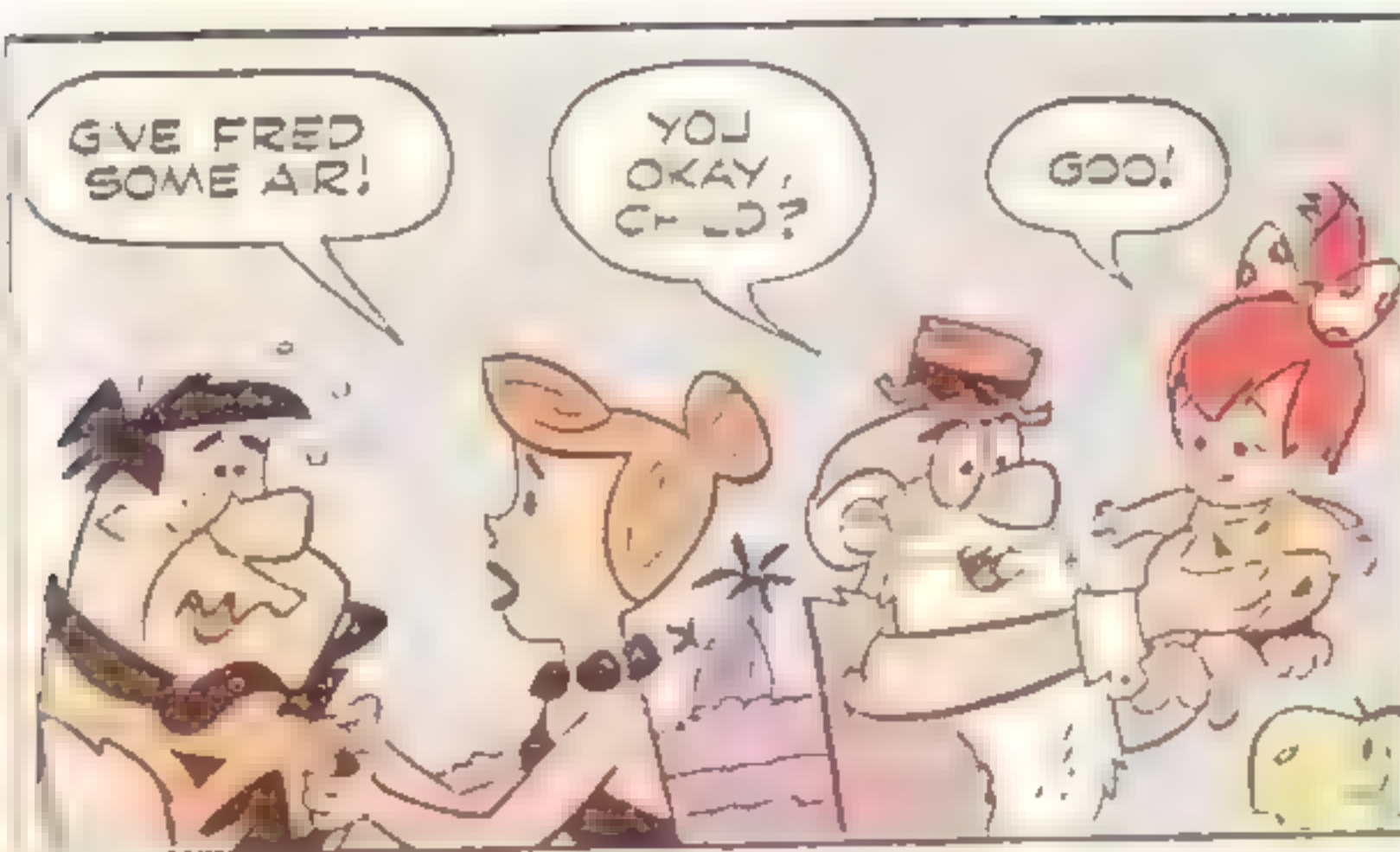


GRAB HOLD OF
FRED, GRANDPA...



FREE! WE'RE FREE!

SPOORP!

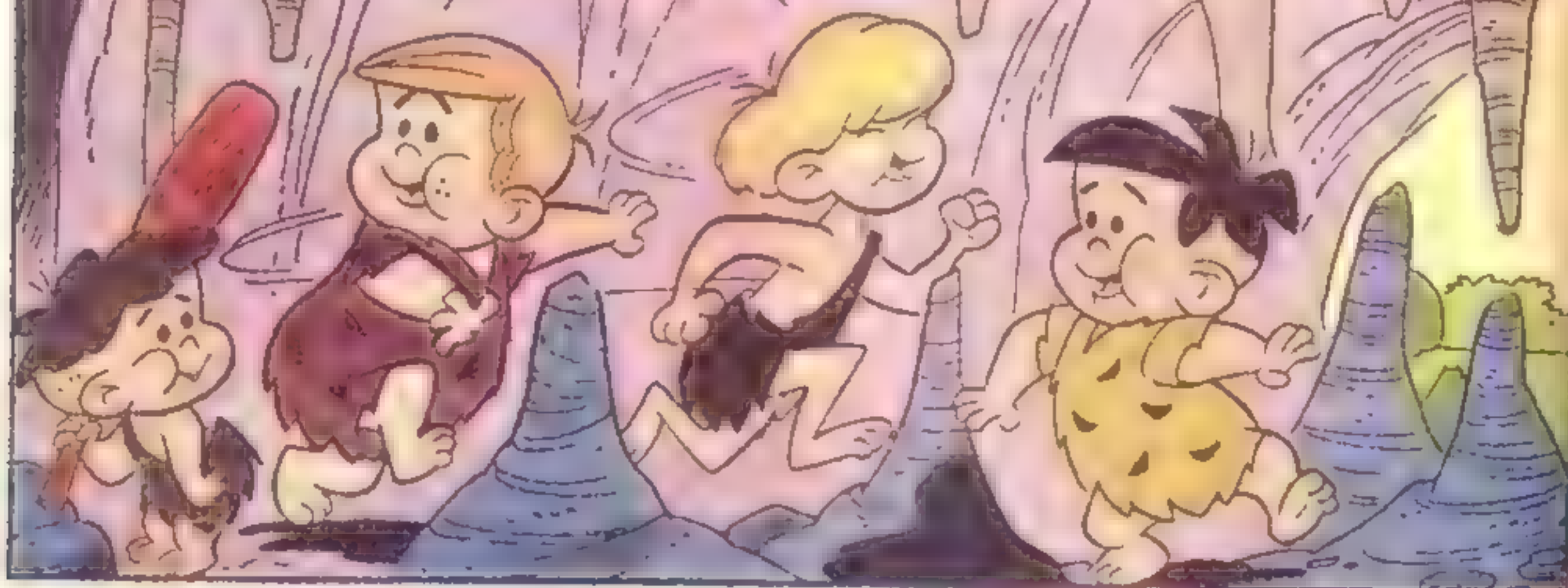


Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

THE NEW CAVE CAPER

LAST ONE UP IN OUR TREE-HOUSE
IS A MONKEY'S KIN.

GANGWAY!

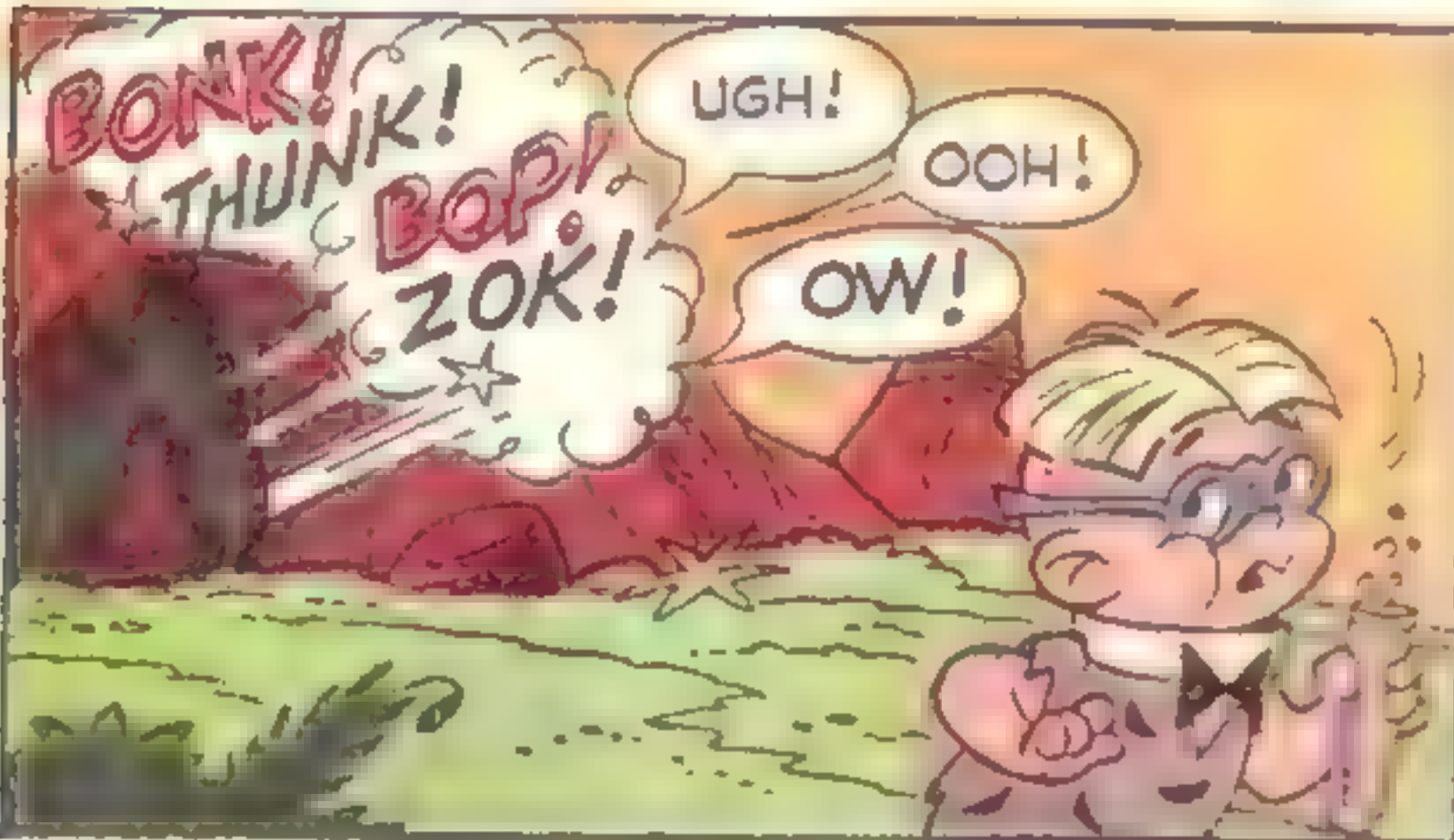


BONK!
THUNK!
BOP!
ZOK!

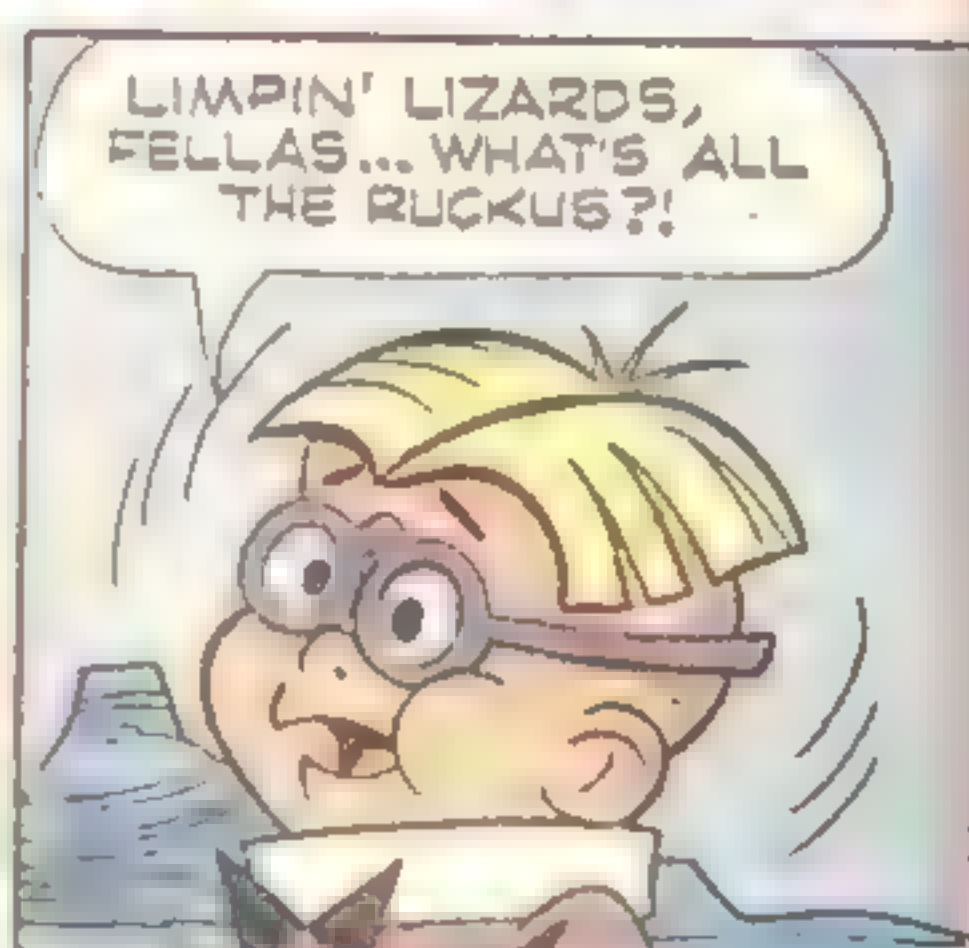
UGH!

OOH!

OW!



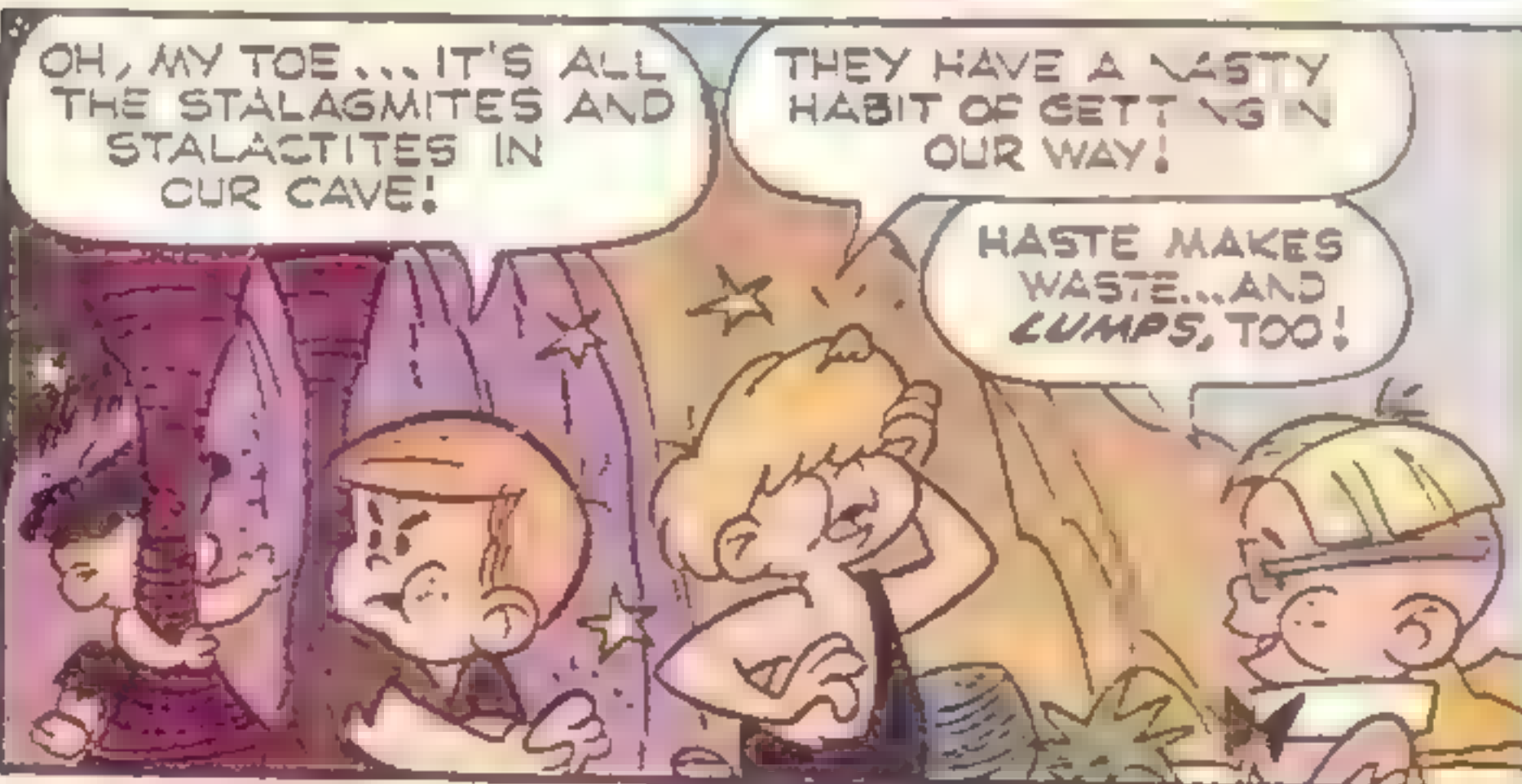
LIMPIN' LIZARDS,
FELLAS... WHAT'S ALL
THE RUCKUS?!



OH, MY TOE... IT'S ALL
THE STALAGMITES AND
STALACTITES IN
OUR CAVE!

THEY HAVE A NASTY
HABIT OF GETTING IN
OUR WAY!

HASTE MAKES
WASTE... AND
LUMPS, TOO!



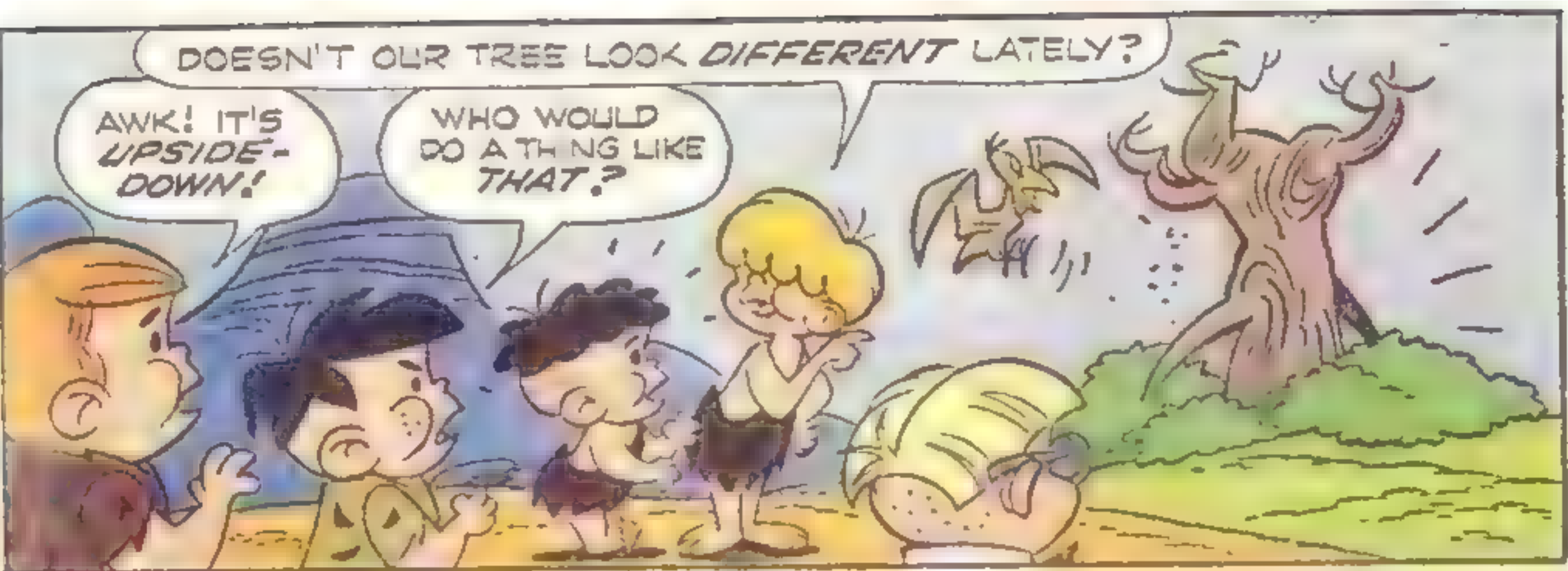
OH-OH!
LOOK OVER
YONDER,
KEN...



DOESN'T OUR TREE LOOK *DIFFERENT* LATELY?

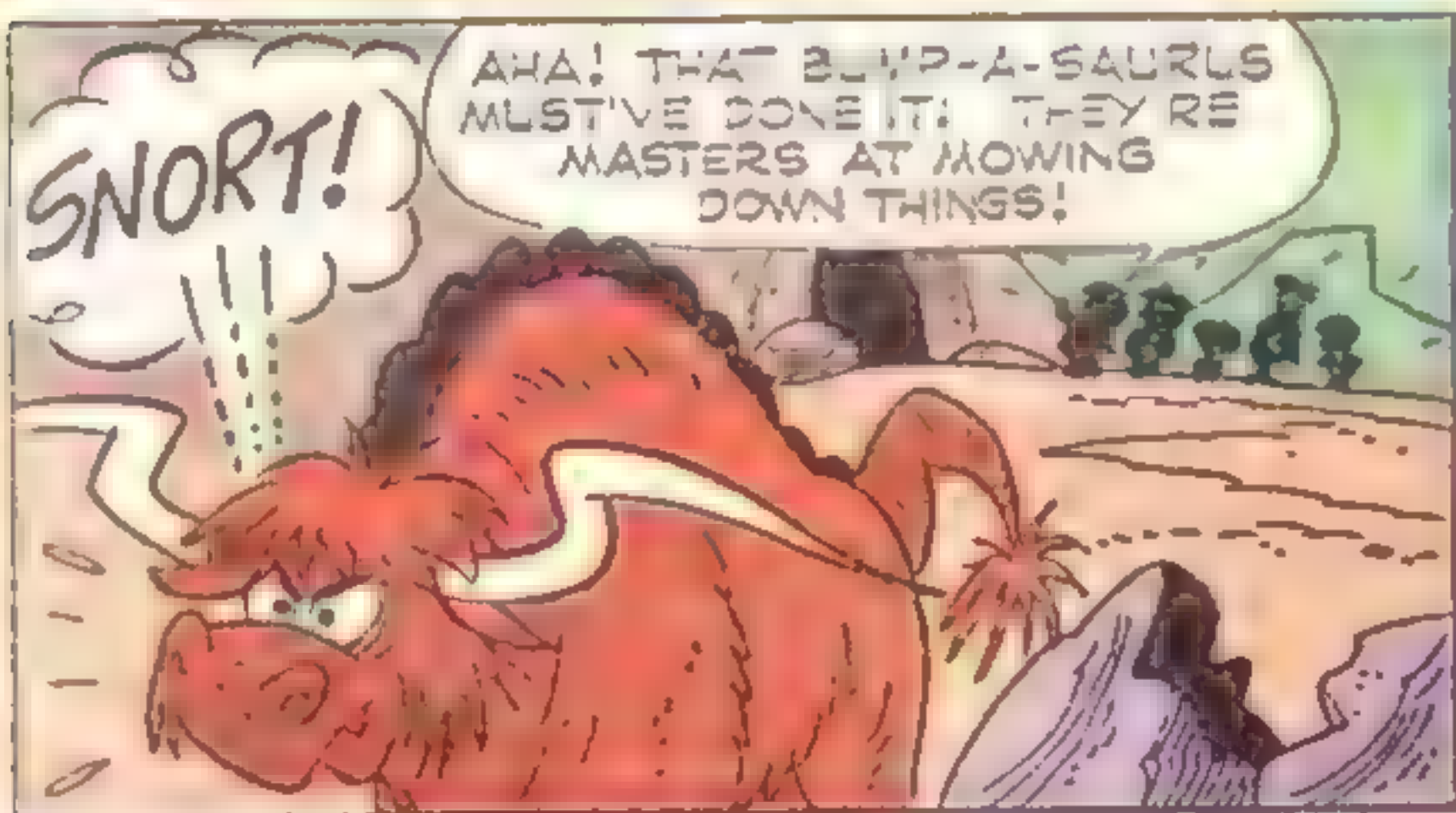
AWK! IT'S *UPSIDE-DOWN!*

WHO WOULD DO A THING LIKE *THAT*?



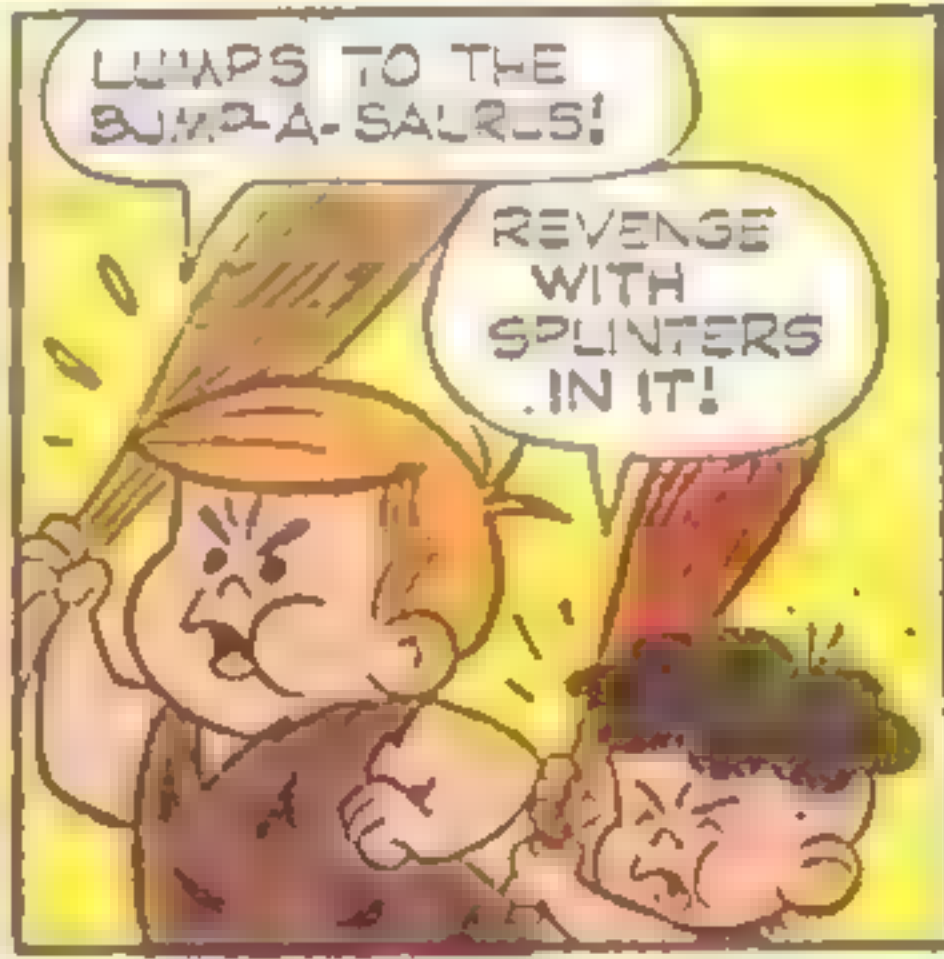
SNORT!

AHA! THAT BLUP-A-SAURUS MUST'VE DONE IT! THEY'RE MASTERS AT MOWING DOWN THINGS!



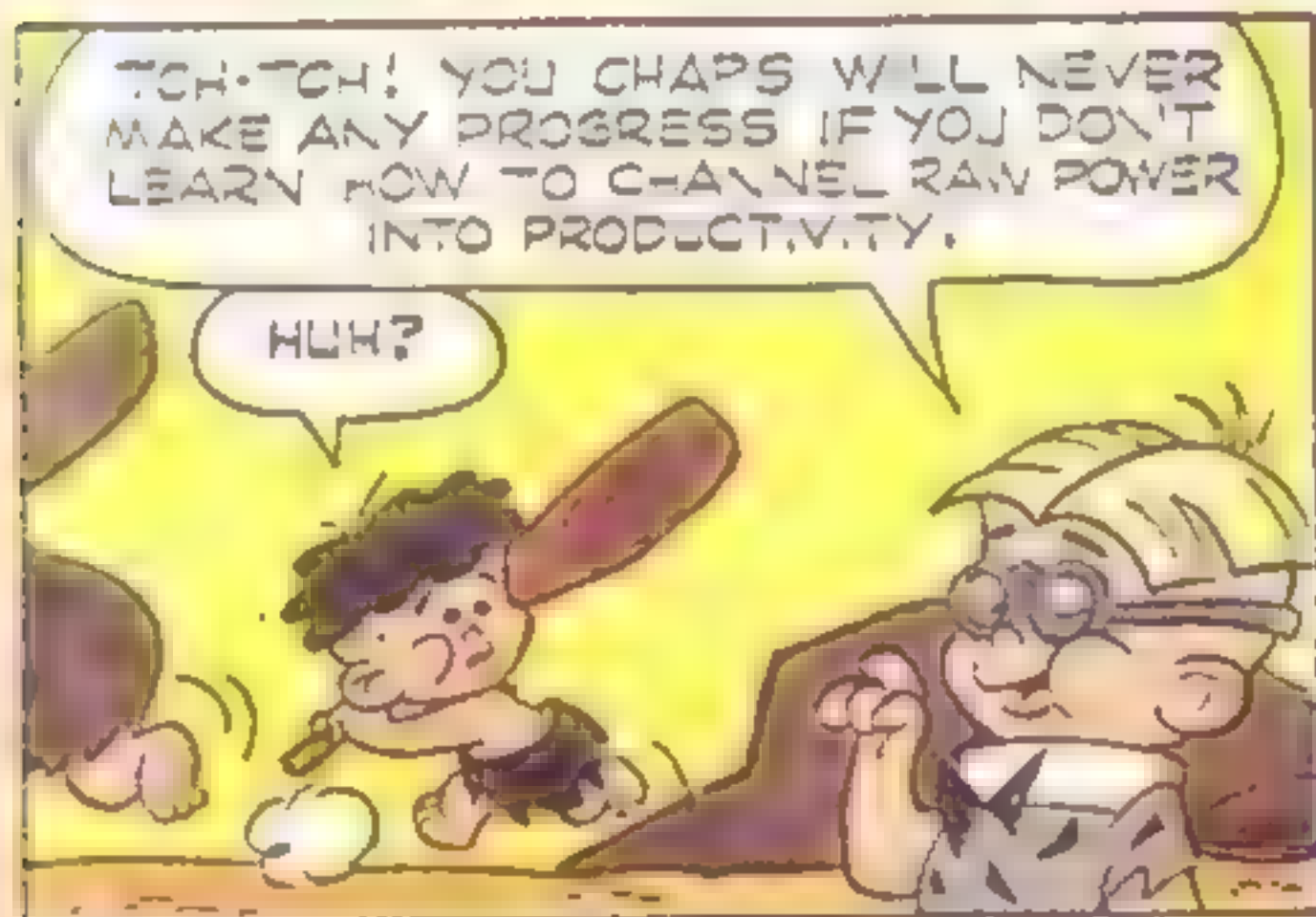
LUMPS TO THE BLUP-A-SAURUS!

REVENGE WITH SPLINTERS IN IT!



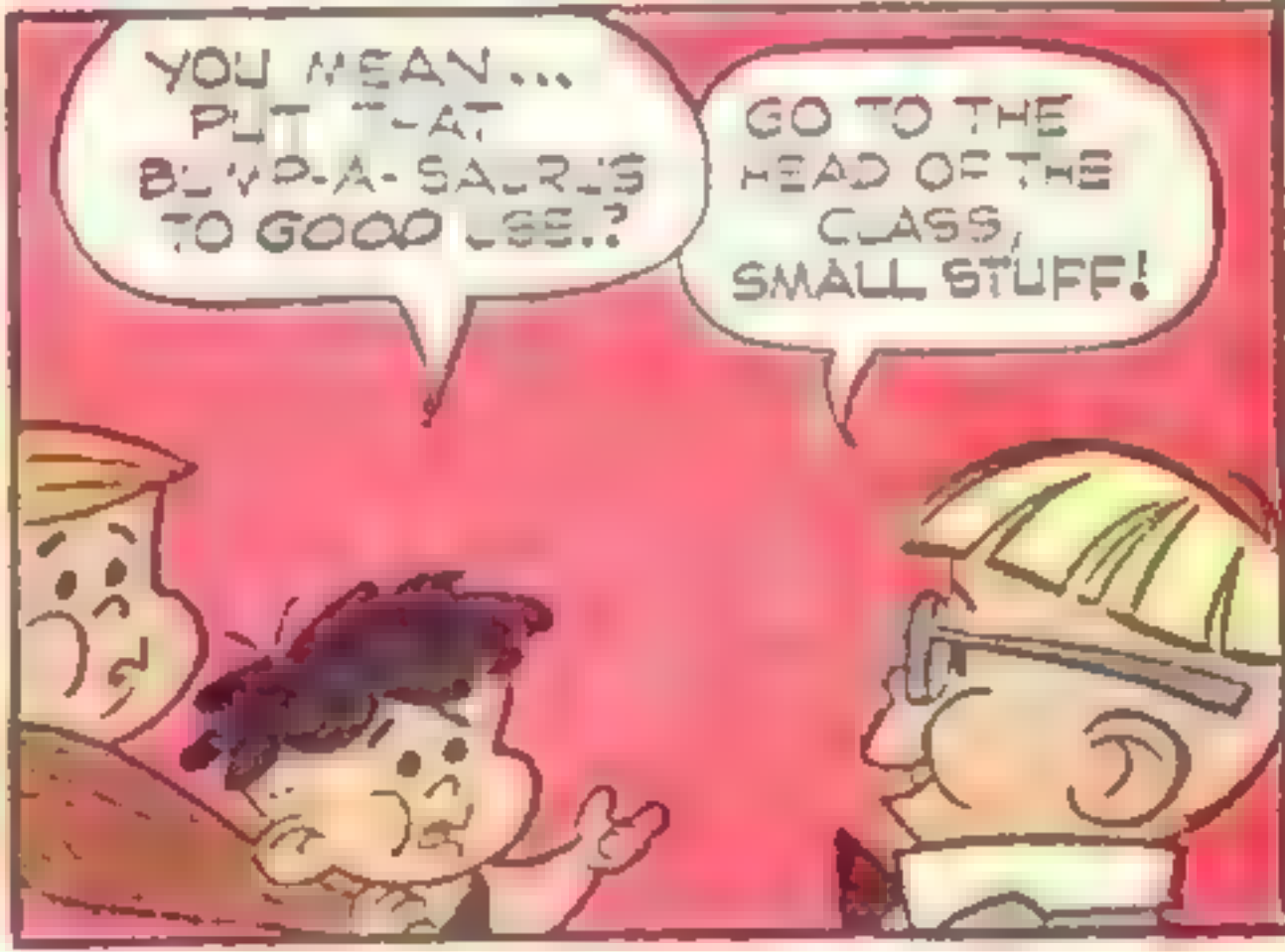
TCH-TCH! YOU CHAPS WILL NEVER MAKE ANY PROGRESS IF YOU DON'T LEARN HOW TO CHANNEL RAW POWER INTO PRODUCTIVITY.

HEH?



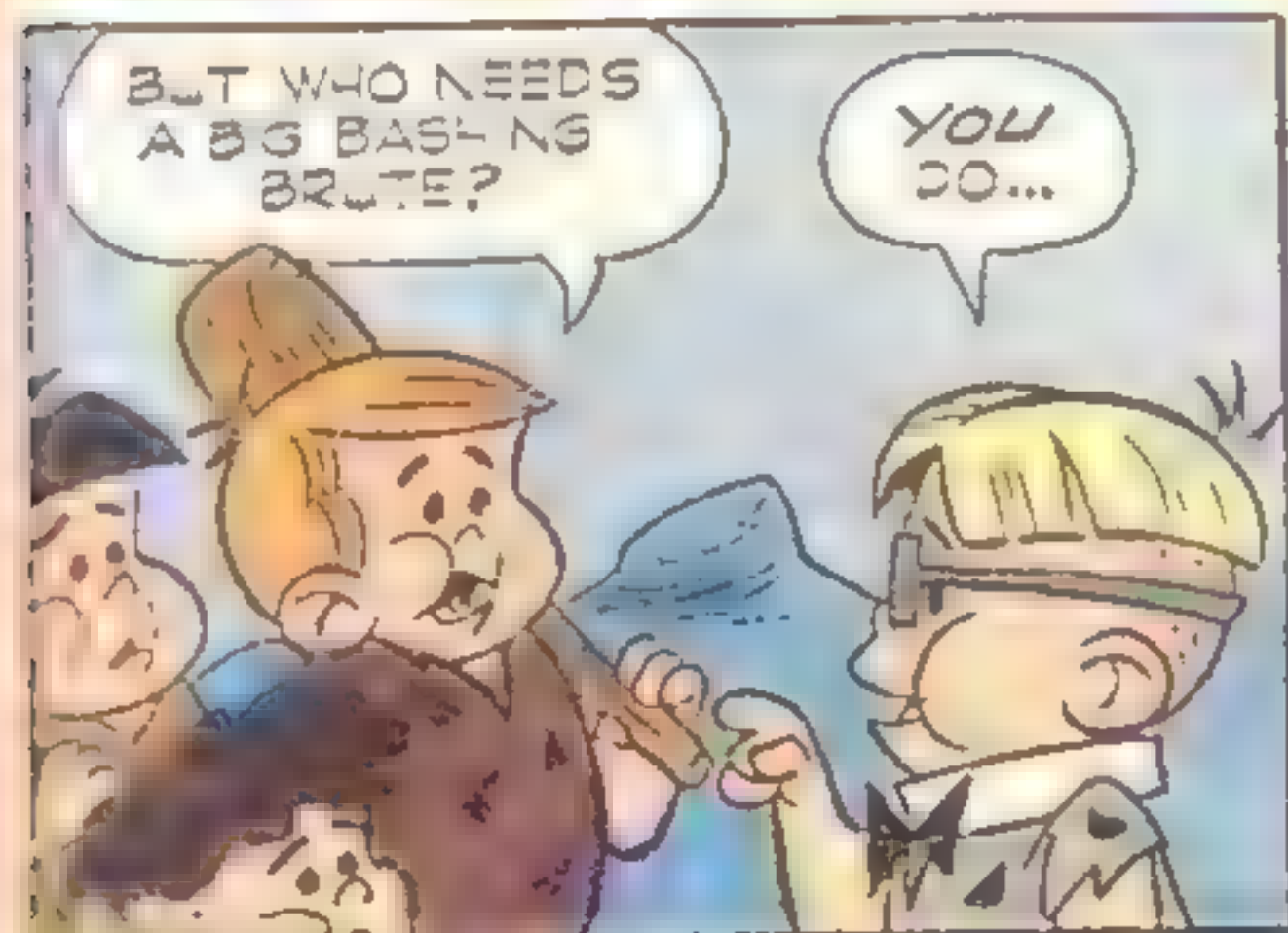
YOU MEAN... PUT THAT BLUP-A-SAURUS TO GOOD USE?!

GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS, SMALL STUFF!

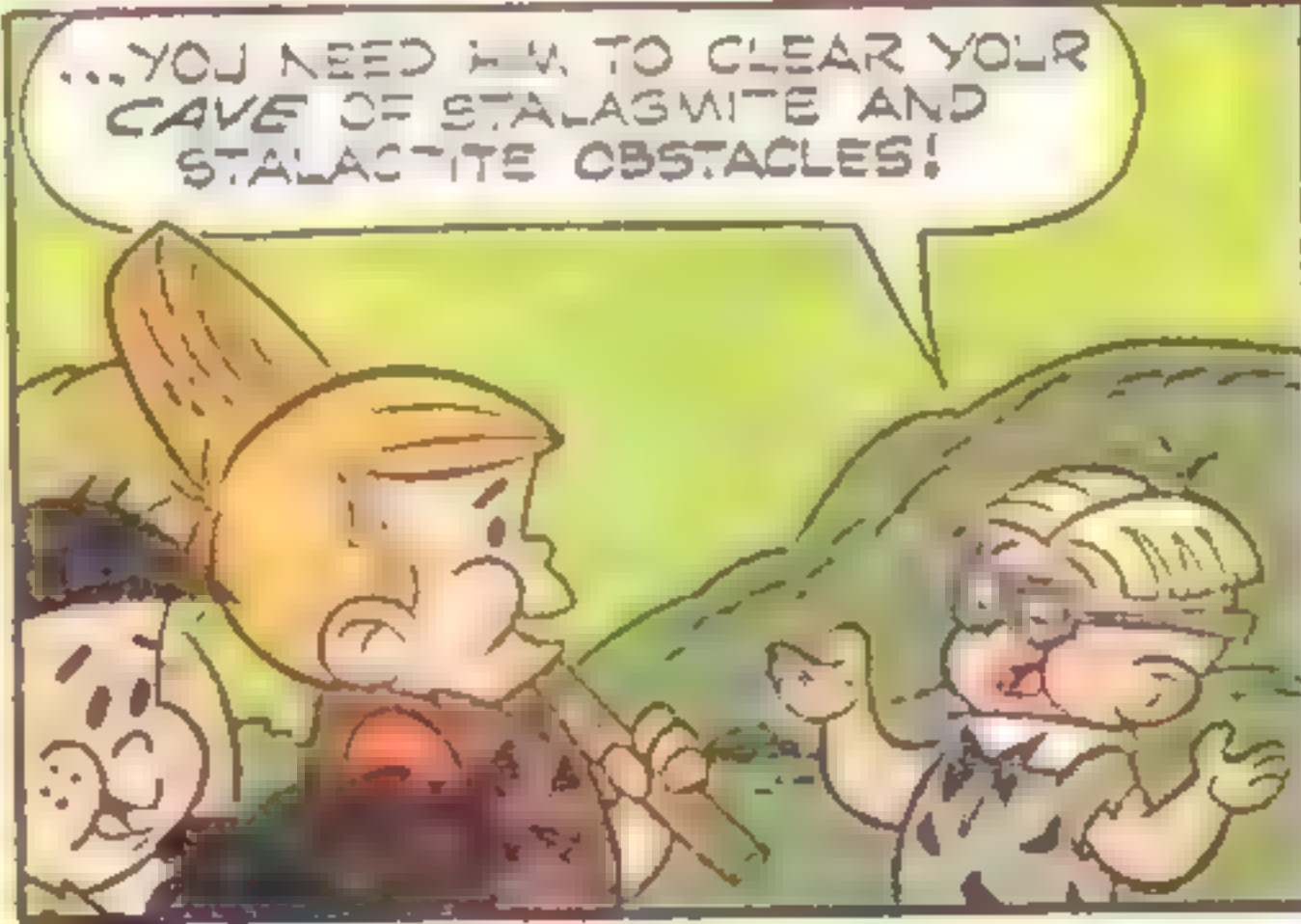


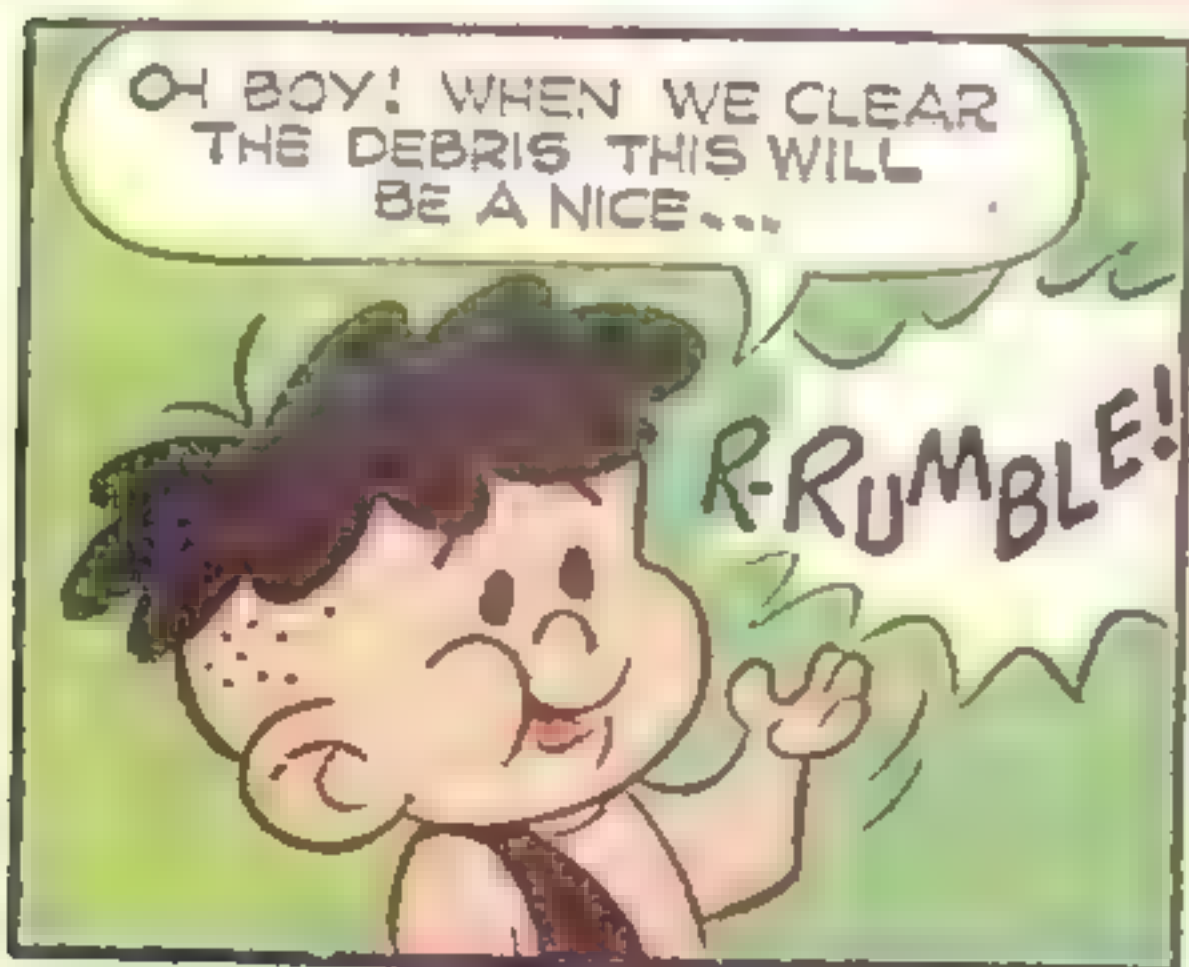
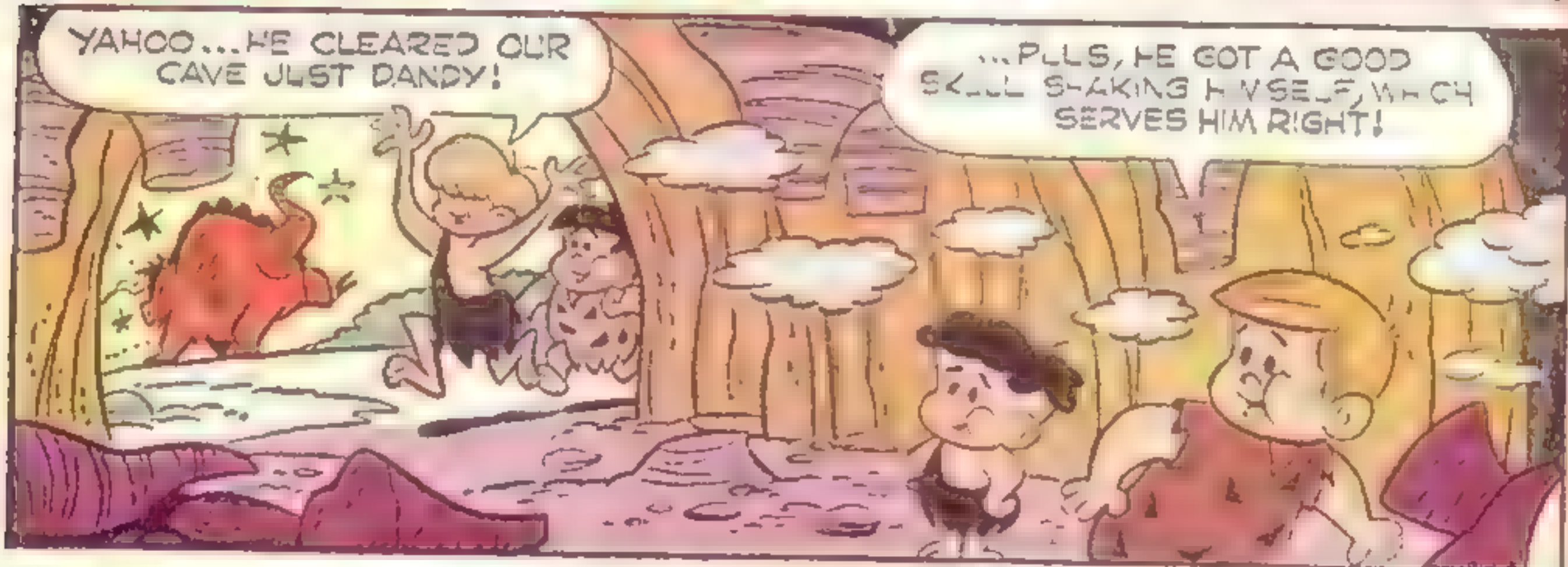
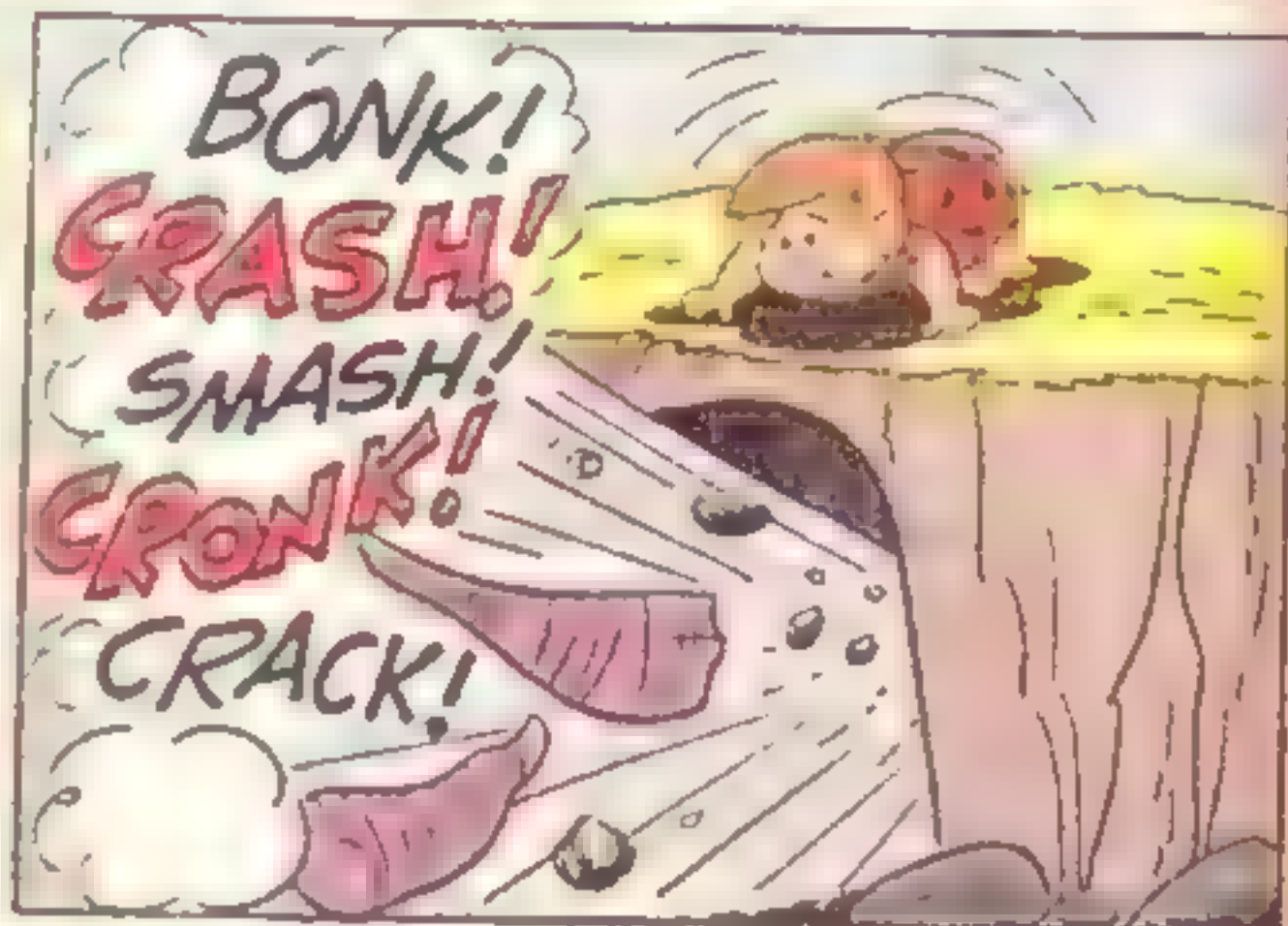
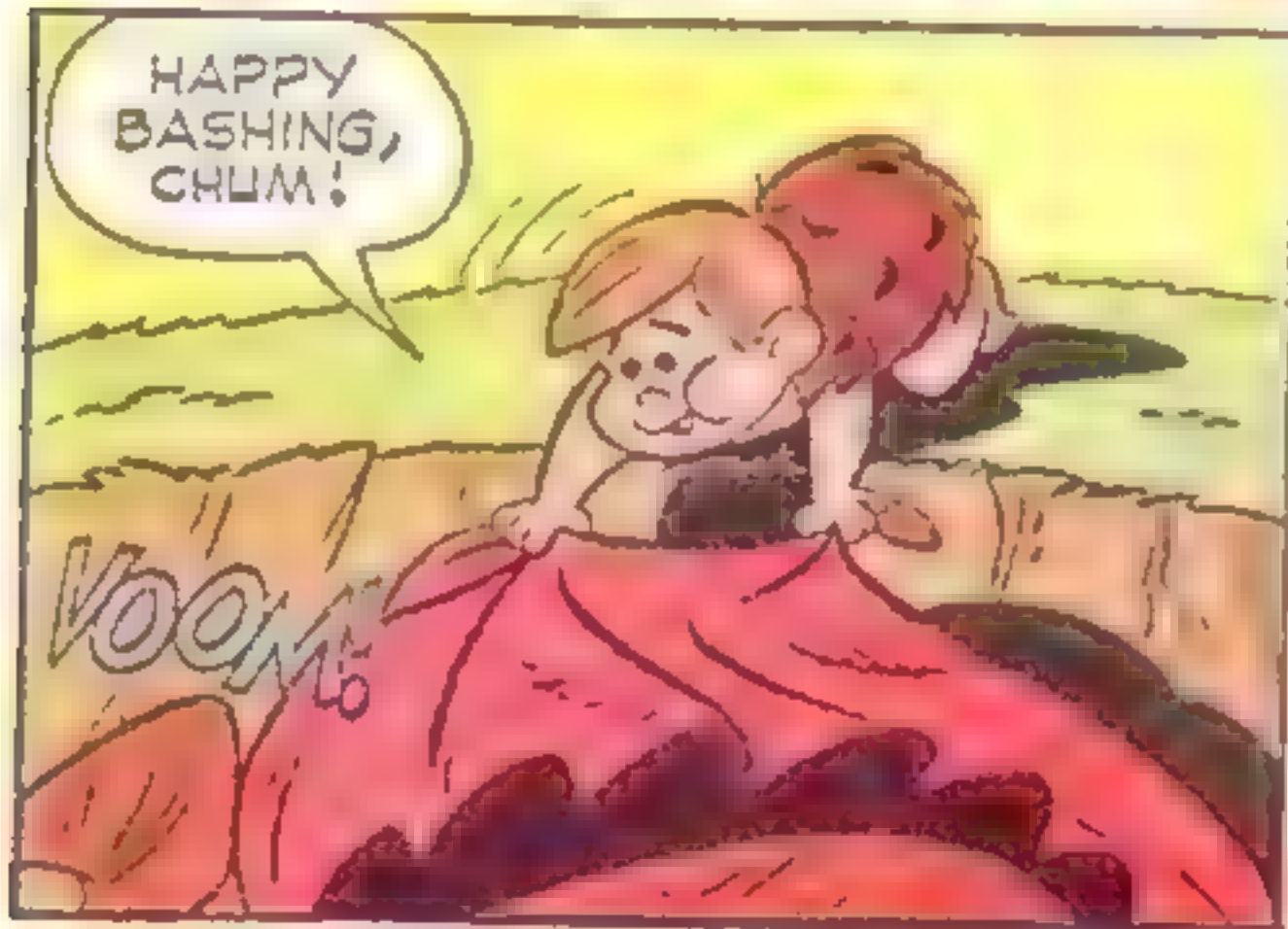
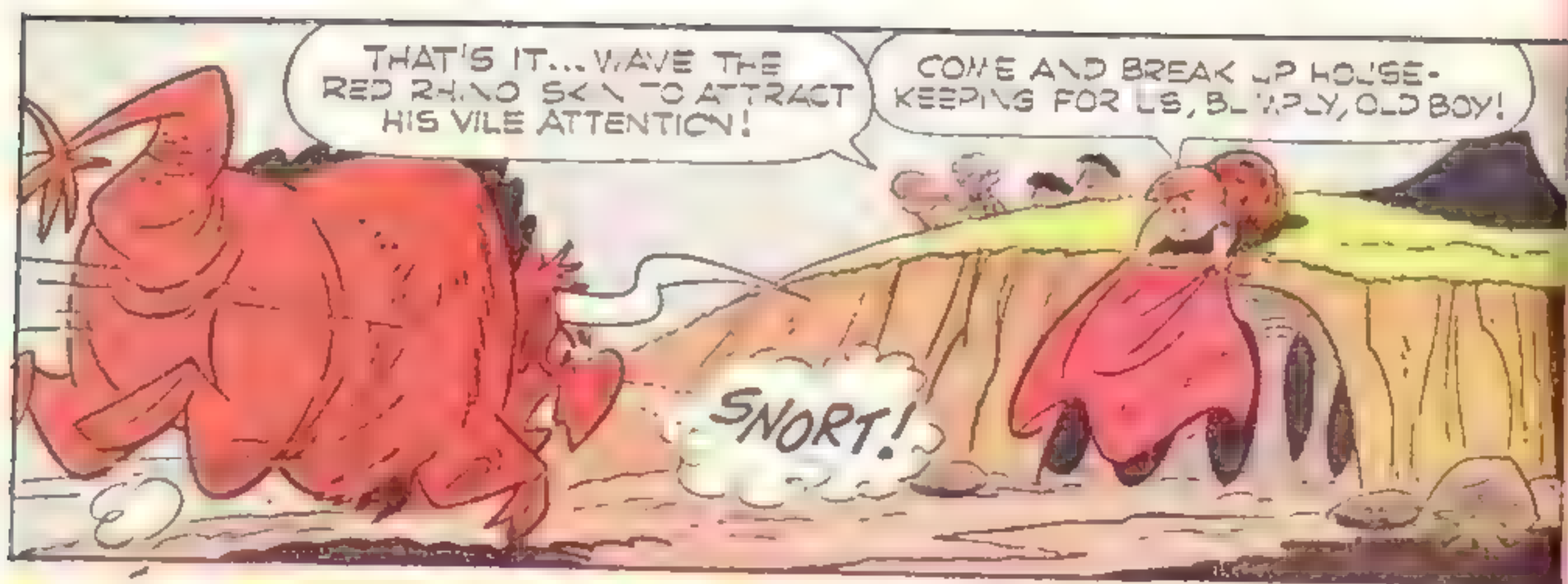
BUT WHO NEEDS A BIG BASHING BRUTE?

YOU DO...

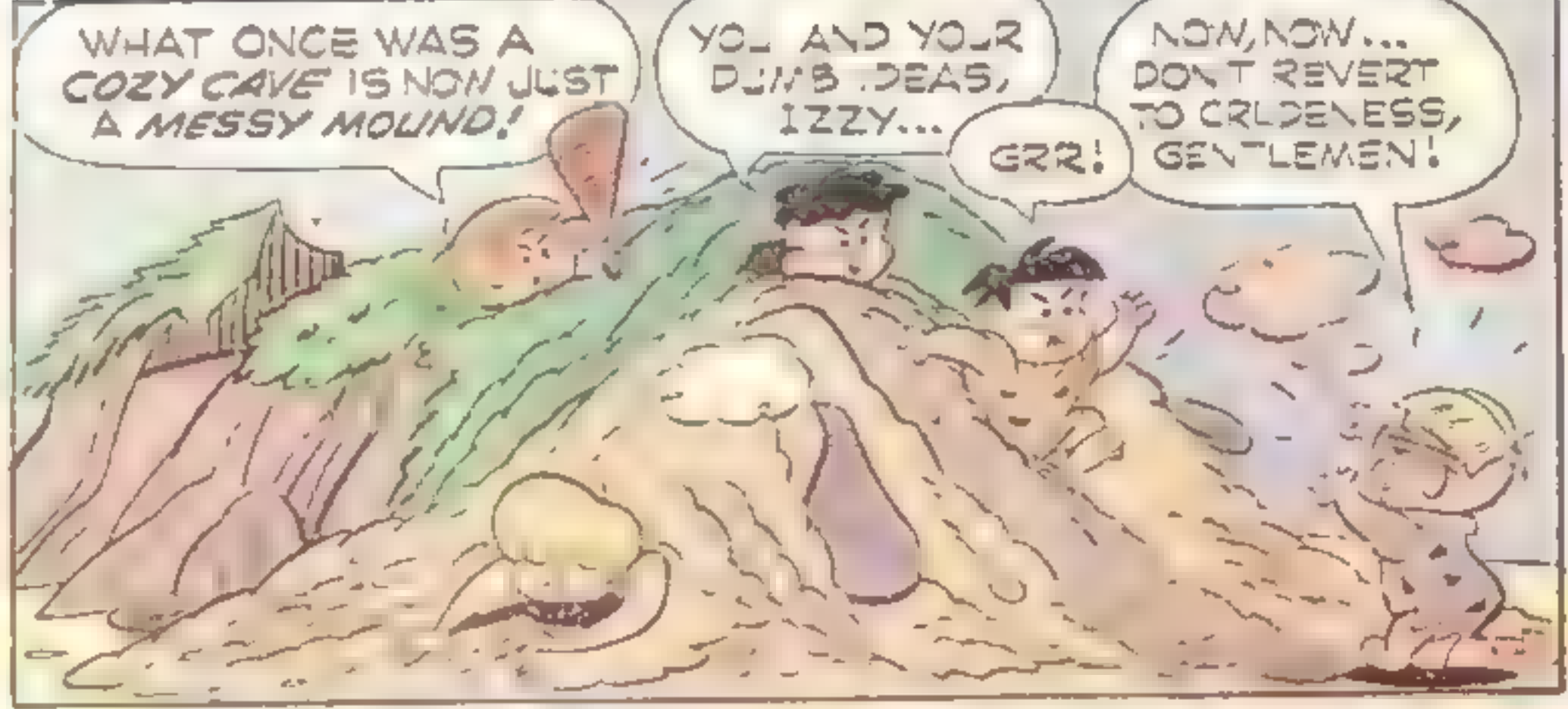


...YOU NEED HIM TO CLEAR YOUR CAVE OF STALAGMITE AND STALACTITE OBSTACLES!





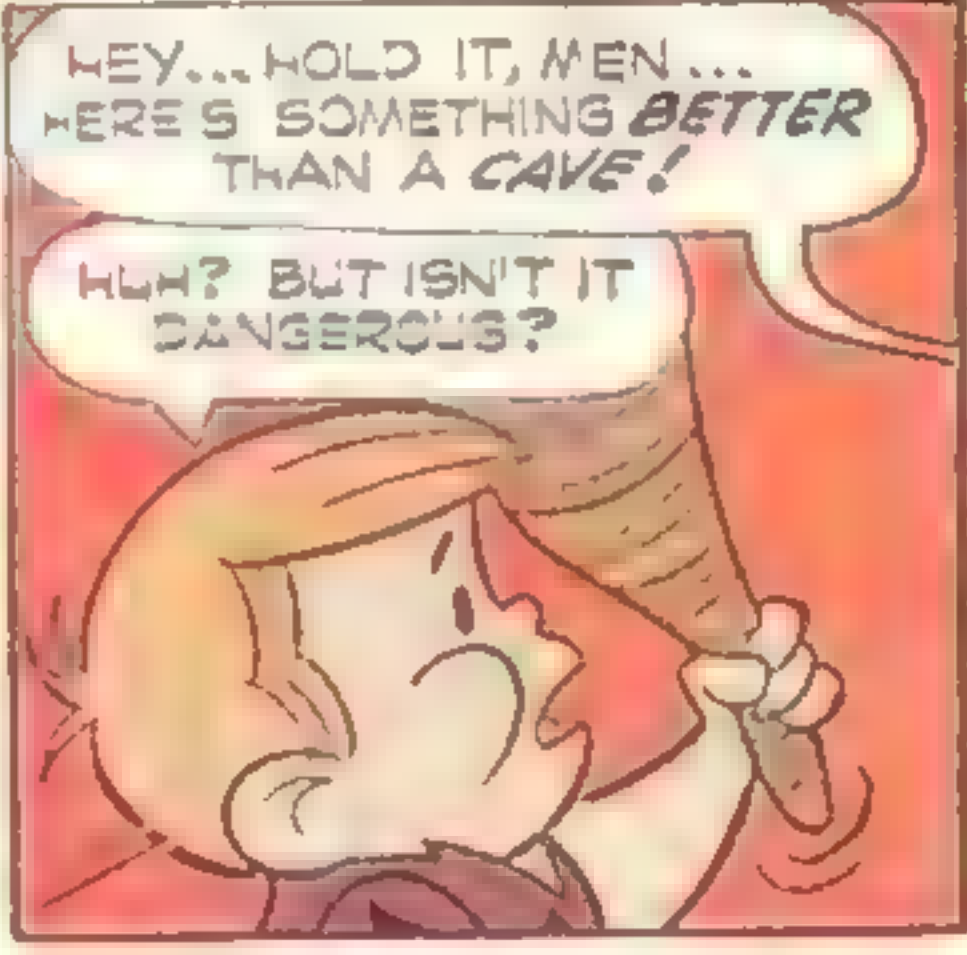
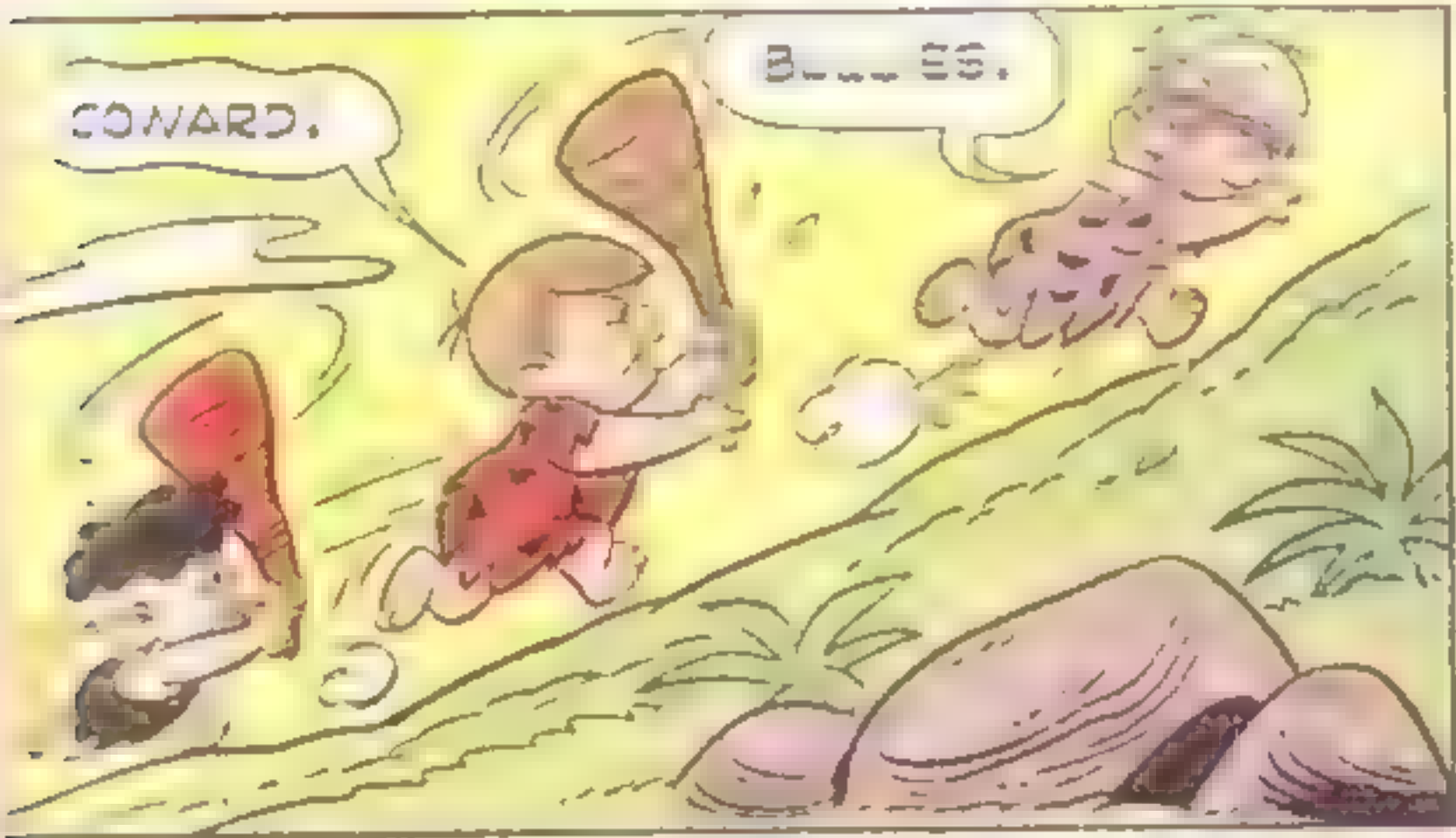
RUMBLE!
 BASH!
 BOOM!
 CRUMBLE!
 BLOM!



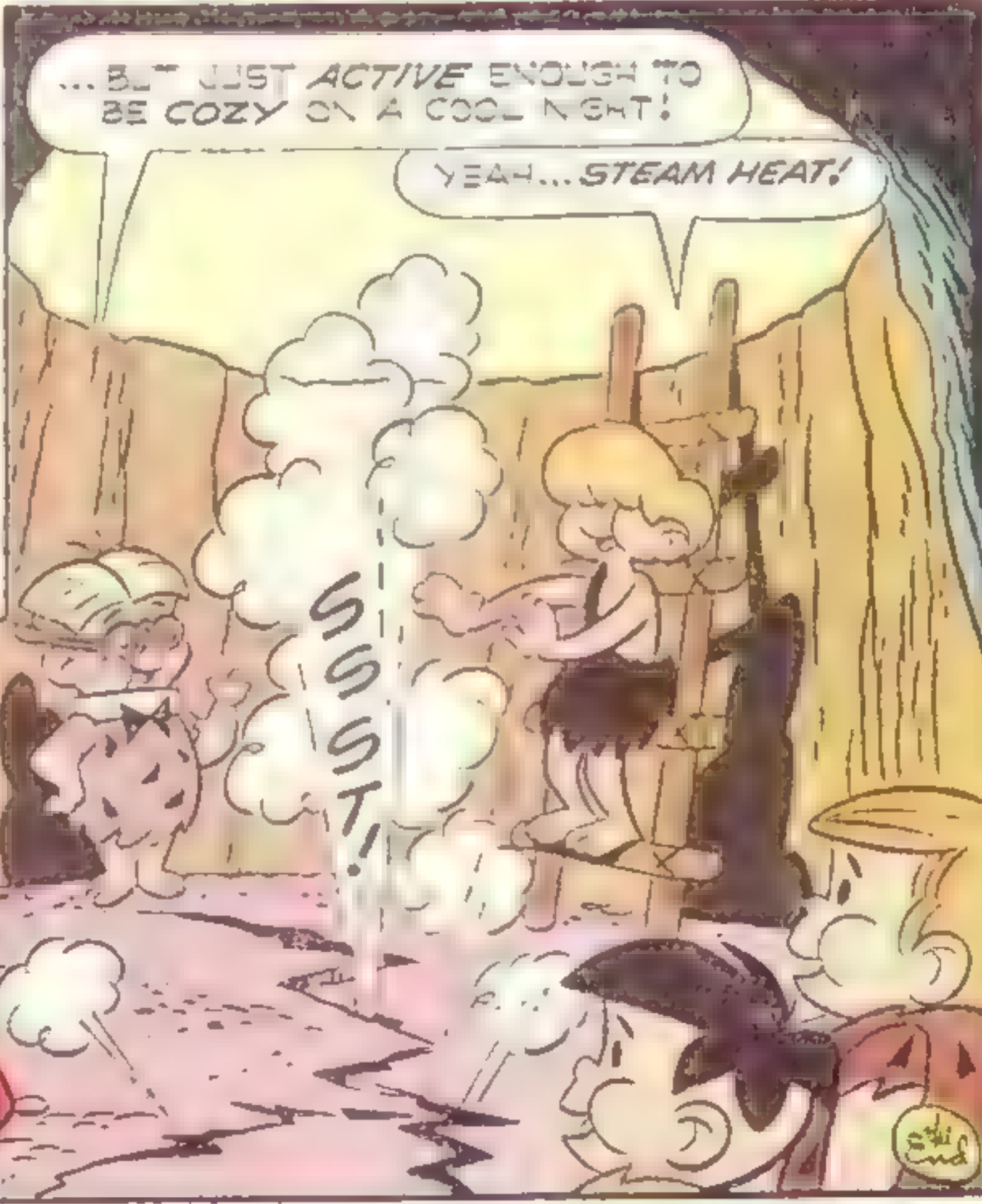
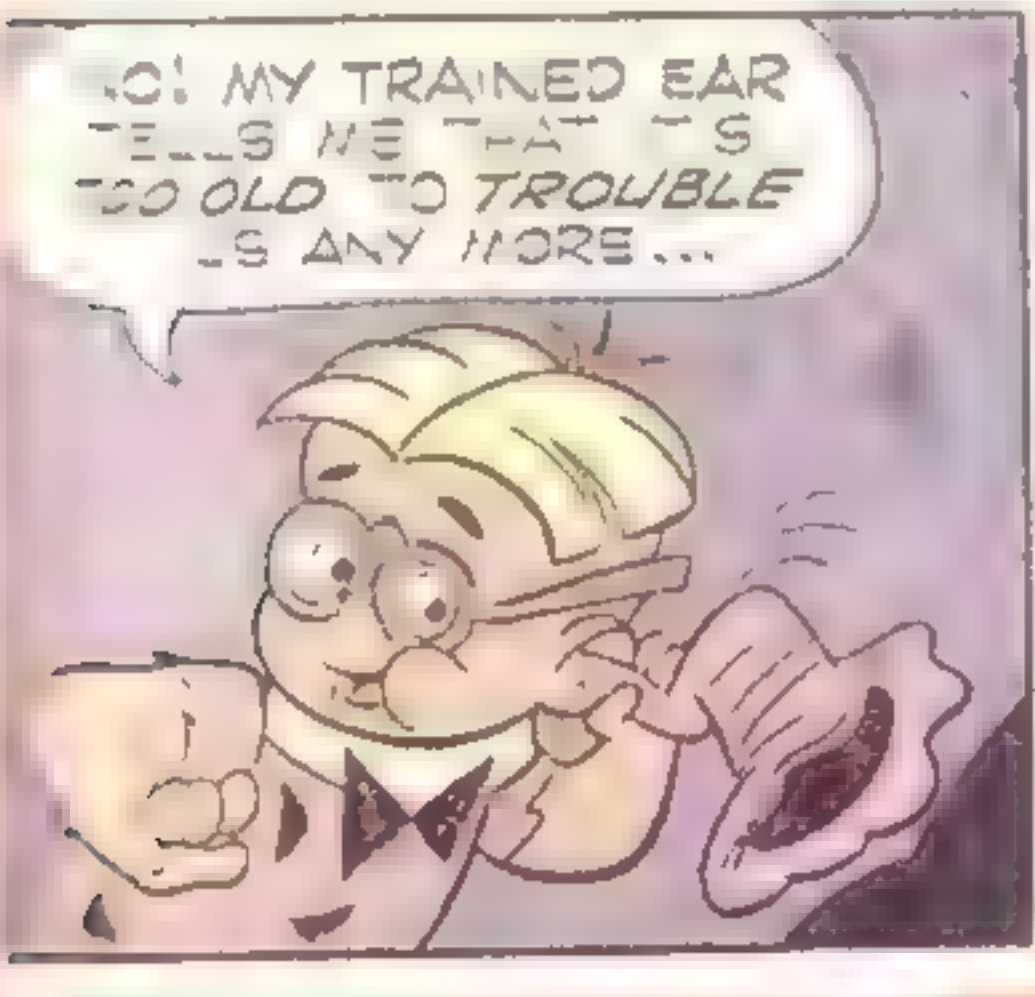
YOU AND YOUR DUMB IDEAS, IZZY...

NOW, NOW... DON'T REVERT TO CRLDENESS, GENTLEMEN!

GRR!



HEH? BUT ISN'T IT DANGEROUS?



THE PILFERED PASTRY



Perry Gunnite was about to sit down in his easy chair, when the local baker, Mr. O. I. Hardcrust, burst into his office.

"Mr. Gunnite," he exclaimed. "I need your help! Something very strange has been going on at my bakery!"

Perry said, "What, for example?" and he finished sitting down in his chair!

"I've been missing cakes every morning!" replied the baker. "Every night I make up an order of cakes for next-day delivery; but when I come back to the bakery the next morning, the cakes are gone! Only crumbs remain! I'm losing money! And I want this thing solved! Please try!"

Perry thought for a moment. "Oh, it's probably someone with a taste for cake who is breaking into your bakery!"

"If that's so, he's pretty smart, for I have a burglar alarm at the bakery which only I can turn off!"

"Hmmm...that's interesting," Perry said.

"The last cake to be stolen was ordered by Mrs. Gotrocks, and she is very angry!" sighed Mr. Hardcrust.

"I can understand your situation, for she is a very important person in town," the detective said. "I'll get right on your case, sir! Right now!"

"Good!" smiled the baker. "You know my business is at stake!"

As Mr. Hardcrust turned to leave, Perry noticed that something was different about him. Yes, the baker had put on quite a bit of weight!

That night Perry went to the bakery and he waited until Mr. Hardcrust came along. Perry was sure that the baker was walking in his sleep, because he had a far-away look in his eyes.

Perry watched. Mr. Hardcrust walked up to the door of his bakery and with a key he disconnected the burglar alarm. Then right into the bakery he walked, and Perry walked right in after him.

Mr. Hardcrust went directly to his display case and took a chocolate cake from the case. He then cut it in several pieces and he began to eat the cake.

Perry watched in amazement, for he had not witnessed such a thing before. Perry also knew that it was a dangerous thing to awaken a person while the person was in a trance like this.

Perry pondered the situation for a while and then decided to take a chance and awaken Mr. Hardcrust.

As he moved toward the baker, Perry slipped on a piece of pastry that was on the floor. He landed with his face smack in a cake that was on the counter. He gulped and he gasped to get his breath, and the noise he made awoke the baker!

"Wh-what goes on?" he cried out.

Perry wiped the cake from his face and replied, "I'm afraid you've been walking in your sleep and you've been coming here and eating your own cakes, sir."

"You're right!" blinked the baker, as he looked at the piece of cake he still held in his hand.

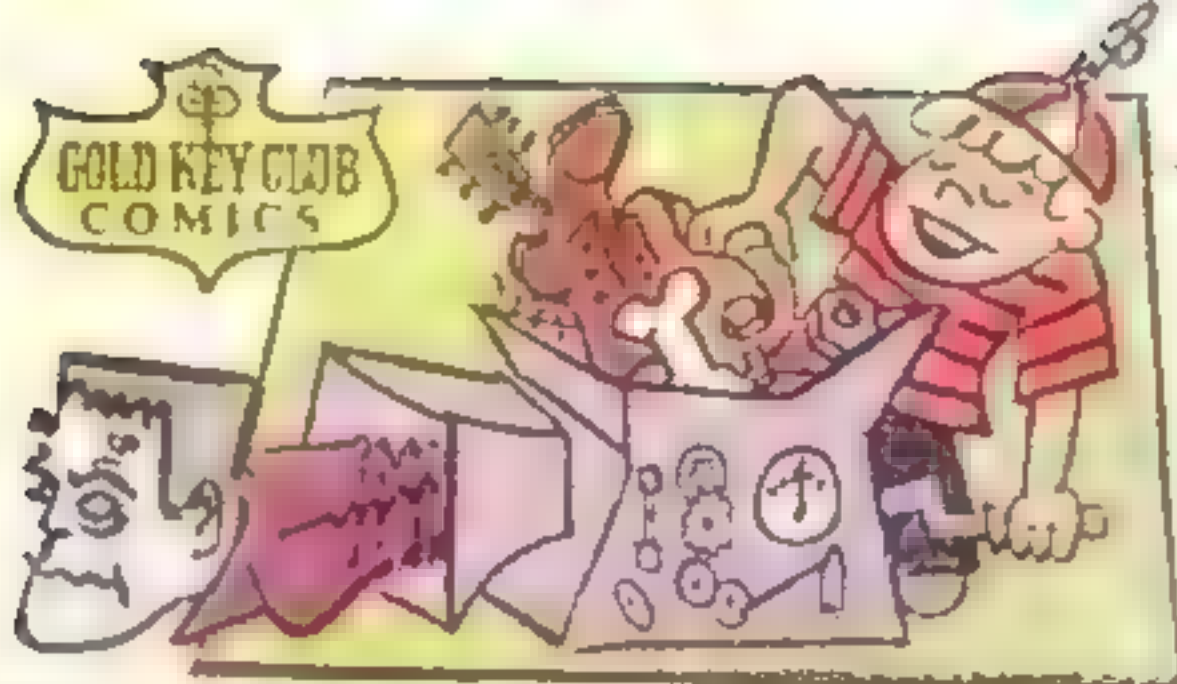
Then suddenly, Perry's face turned red!

"What's wrong?" asked the baker. "Your face is as red as a cherry!"

Perry gulped again. "Well, sir, I just thought of something! What if I had been knocked out when I fell on that cake? And what if you'd found me here in the morning? You would have thought I was the pastry pilferer! My, oh, my!"

"I might have!" chuckled the baker. "But it didn't turn out that way! You solved the case just fine!"

"Thank you, sir," smiled Perry. "And may I suggest that you don't carry the key to turn off your burglar alarm. Then when you enter your bakery you'll be awakened before you pilfer your own pastries!"



CAN YOU CREATE A MONSTER?

Help! Can you do it? Tell us what his powers are and send it to Monster Art, c/o Gold Key Comics Club at the address given below. We'll print as many of your drawings as we can.

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MIND READING BEAST



Its name describes its powers.
Height and width are twelve feet.
James King
Weatherford, Oklahoma

CRIME FIGHTING MONSTER



Dan Richardson
Boring, Oregon

The yellow side of his face gives off a powerful heat, such as the sun's rays, to melt objects. The eye on that side of the face has a paralyzing beam.

The ear on the red side of the head gives off sound waves and the eye can hypnotize its victims.

The green section of the body makes him able to swim faster than a fish and his gill can be seen on the side of his neck. The hand on that side has suction-cups on the finger-ends which are very powerful. The arm on the other side of the chest has a wing which makes it possible for him to fly very fast.

The orange leg is able to send out fire, as a flame-thrower.

The brown leg is jet-propelled, making him able to travel through the air faster than the speed of light.

FIRE BREATHING MONSTER



Blows down houses. Burns towns.
Can fly at 199 miles per hour.
Douglas Chemousky
Rantoul, Illinois

DREADFUL STARING YORK



With one look, you'll be paralyzed forever.
Scott Phillips,
Indianapolis, Indiana

RADIATION BEAST



Eyes shoot atom rays. Can shoot claws and has radar.

No name given Victoria Crescent
Winnipeg, Canada

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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NORTH ROAD
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WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

Try your humor I.Q. What line do you think best suits the picture below? Just for fun, try it on your friends, too. We hope our line is as funny as yours.

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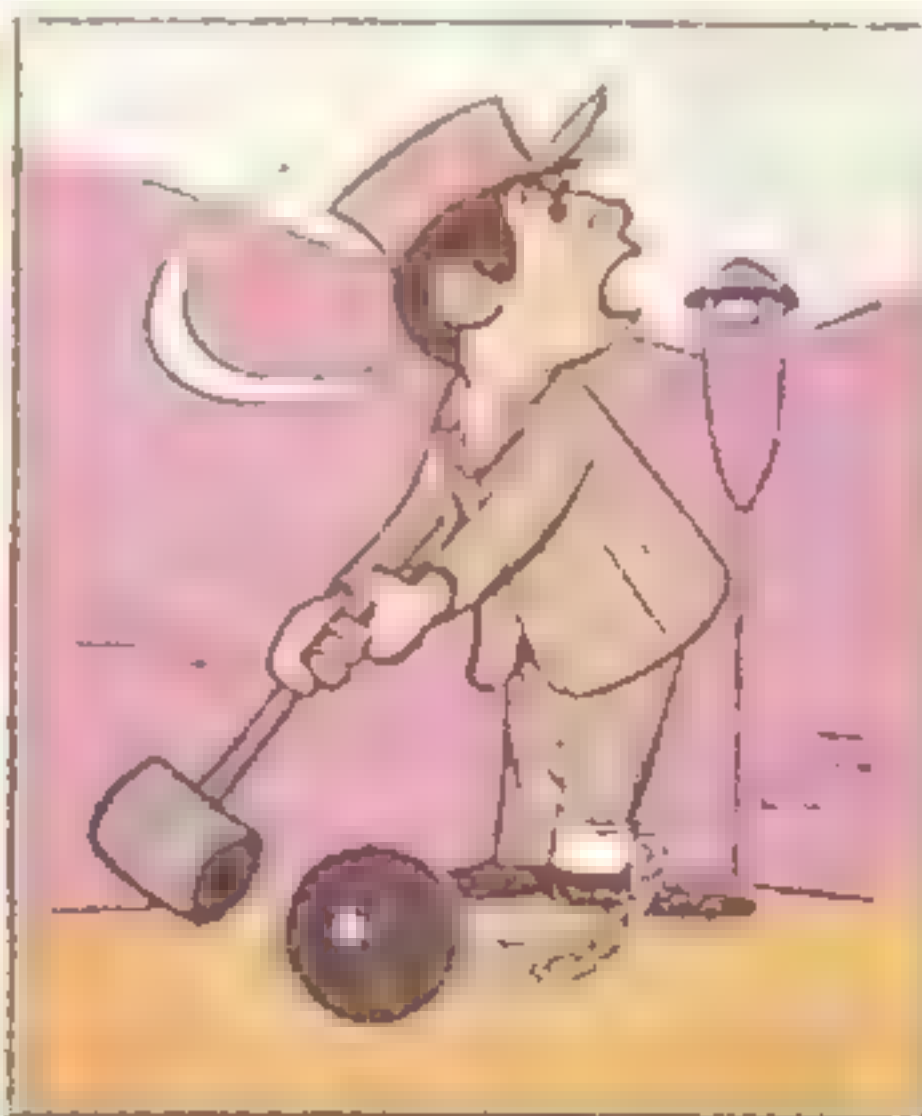
"Maybe we could talk that fish into throwing Harry back!"







"Oh, come on, Cedric! This is no time to play 'Guess Who?'"





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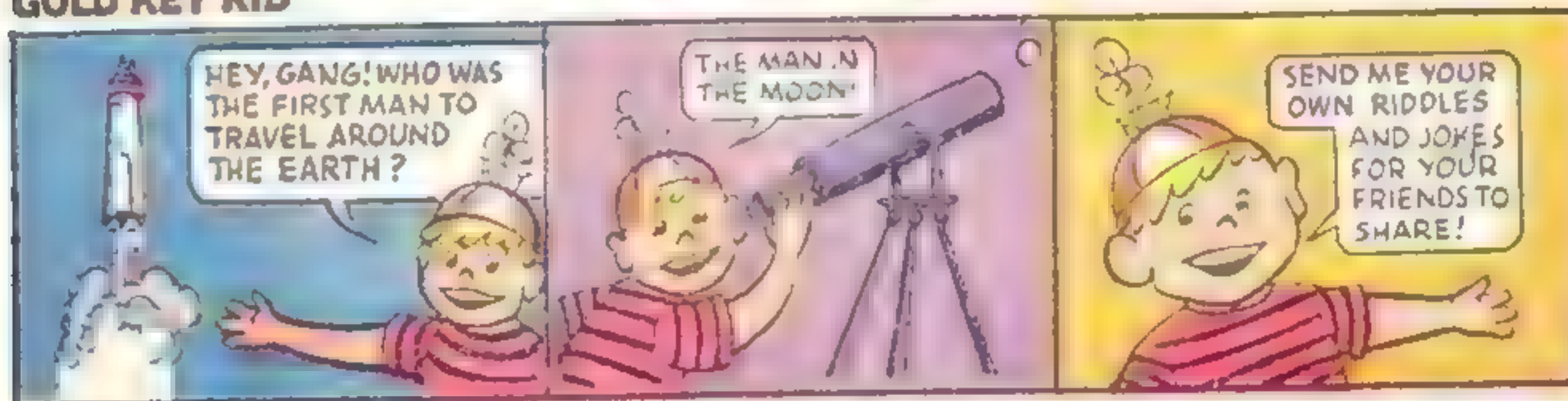
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THE JOKE'S ON YOU

GOLD KEY KID



Dan: Why did the boy go to the lamp shop to eat his lunch?

Fan: Because he wanted a light snack!
Wayne Privett—Ada, Okla.

Riddle: How is the letter "A" like the word "noon"?

Answer: Both are in the middle of day!
Bobby Riddle—Chester, Pa.

Jim: I fell over fifty feet today!

Cindy: Where?

Jim: In the bus.

Terri Darity—Macon, Ga.

Brian: Why are you putting that calendar in your piggy bank?

Diane: Because I want to save time!
Michael McGovern—Portland, Maine

Question: What animal is always ready to travel?

Answer: The elephant, it has a trunk.
John Krest—Pittsburgh, Pa.

Man: Here's my ticket, usher.

Usher: How far down do you want to sit?

Man: All the way, I'm very tired!
Keirn Watkins—North Surrey, B.C., Canada

Officer: Hey, you! You're crossing the street when the sign says "Don't walk!"

Man: Sorry, Officer! I thought that was an ad for a bus company!

Rick Dreves—Winter Park, Fla.

Tim: I woke up last night with a feeling that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked for it.

Slim: Was it gone?

Tim: No, but it was going!
Doug North—Birmingham, Mich.

Riddle: What gets bigger when it is turned upside down?

Answer: The number 6. It becomes nine!
Marsee Edwards—Anniston, Ala.

Riddle: How is a sweater like a banana peel?
Answer: You slip on both!

Lee Pace—Mammoth Springs, Ark.

Question: What did one candle say to another candle on a birthday cake?

Answer: These birthdays burn me up!
Julianne Sampley—Coco, Fla.

Riddle: What color would you paint the sun and the wind?

Answer: The sun rose and the wind blue.
Peter Bagg—Dallas, Texas

Mother: Don't pull the cat's tail, Honey!

Honey: I'm not! I'm just holding on, the cat is doing the pulling!

Debra Barney—Meeker, Colo.

Sign in a drugstore:

TEEN-AGE SPOKEN HERE!

Julian Dratwa—Cleveland, Ohio

Father: How do you like school?

Junior: Closed!

Julian Dratwa—Cleveland, Ohio

Riddle: Why can't your hand be twelve inches long?

Answer: Because then it would be a foot!
Jennifer Blackman—Hanford, Calif.

Mary: Why do they use knots instead of miles on the ocean?

Maggie: They have to keep the ocean tied.
Wendell Maciesewski—Jewett City, Conn.

Riddle: Why did the rocket lose its job?

Answer: It was fired!
The Stegers—Fort Smith, Ark.

Mike: What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Steve: Hailing street cars and buses!
Debra Barney—Meeker, Colo.

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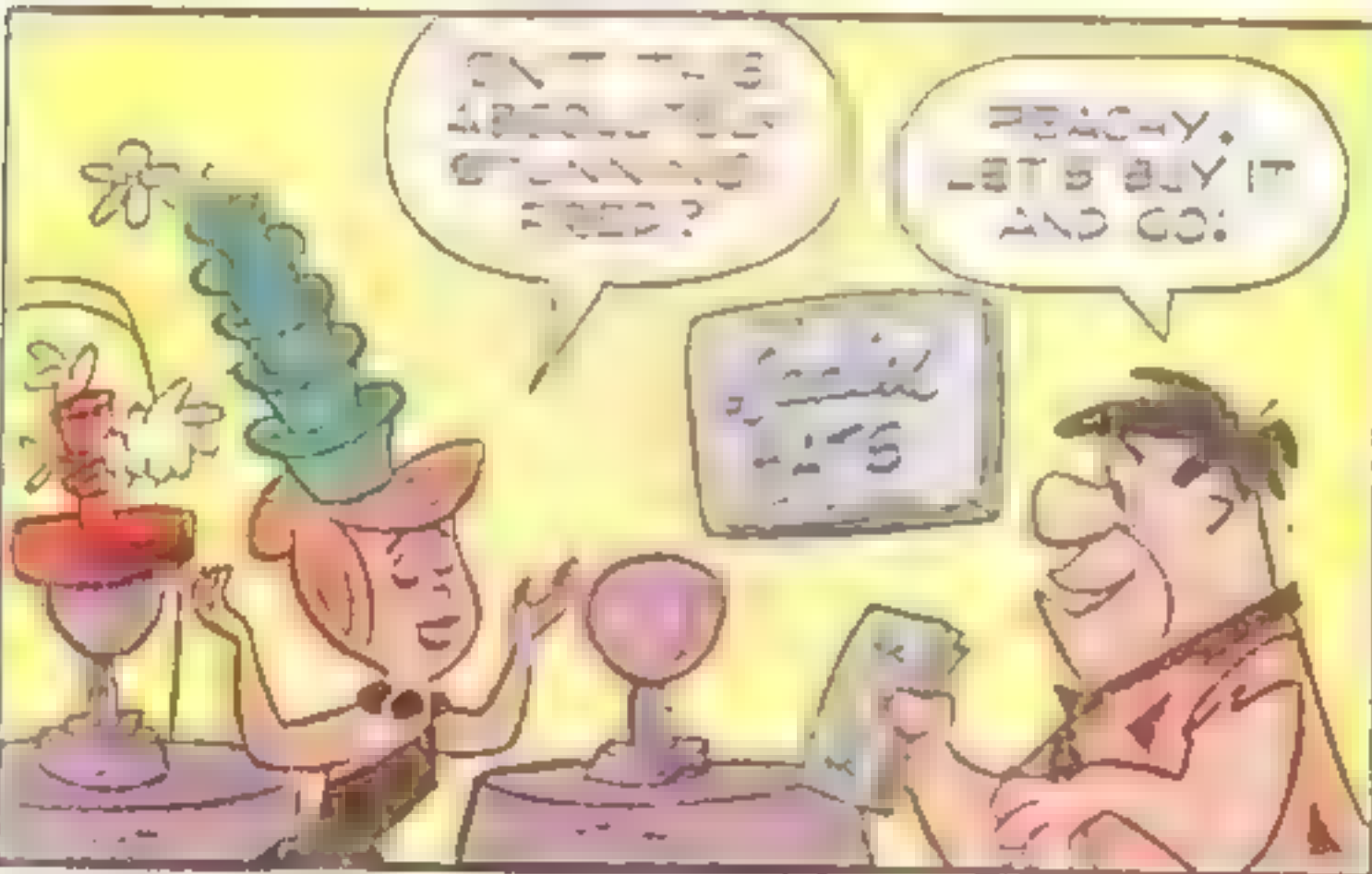
BUT, WILMA... GOING SHOPPING
WITH YOU BORES MY BRAIN! I'D RATHER
STAY HOME AND WATCH *FLAP-MAN*
ON TV!

COME - COME, FRED...
I'M ONLY GOING TO
BUY A HAT!



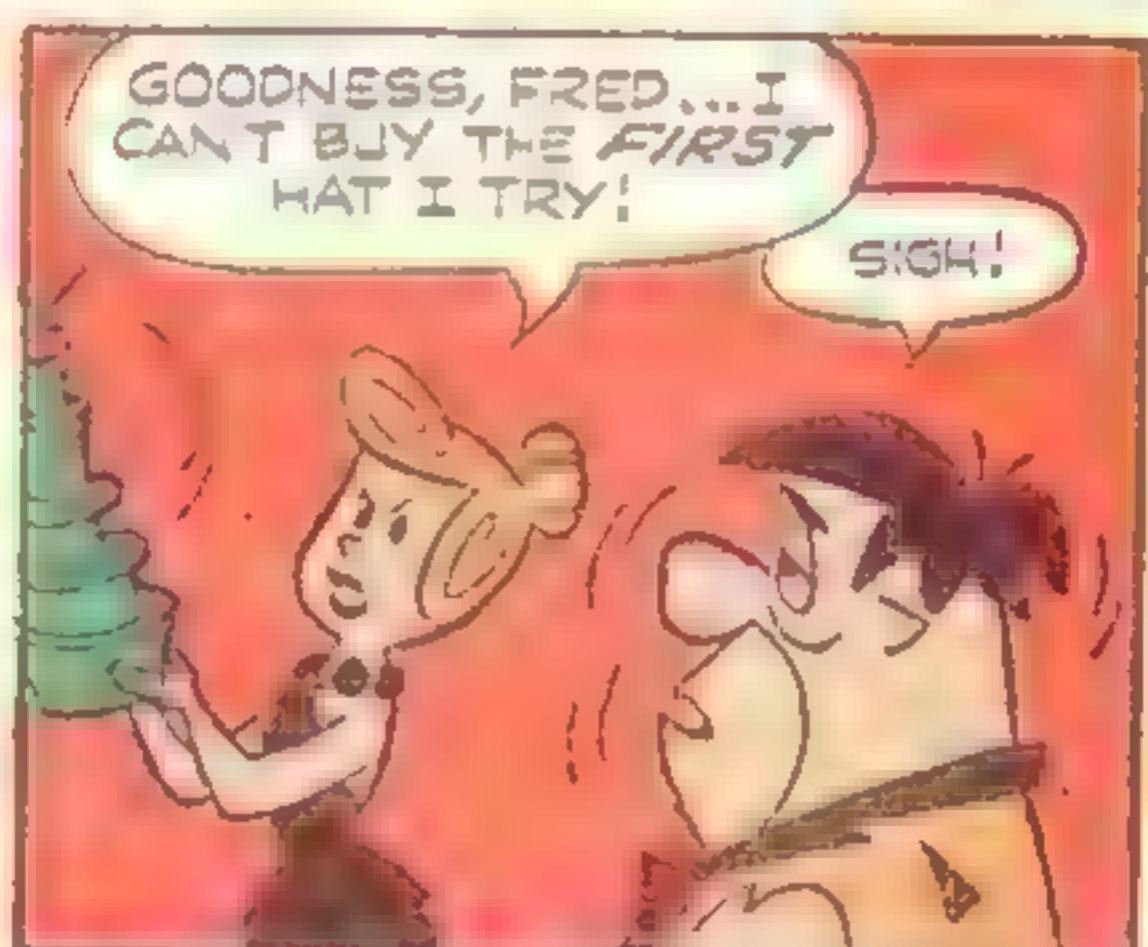
ON THIS
ABSOLUTELY
STUNNING
FRED?

PEACHY.
LET'S BUY IT
AND GO!



GOODNESS, FRED... I
CAN'T BUY THE *FIRST*
HAT I TRY!

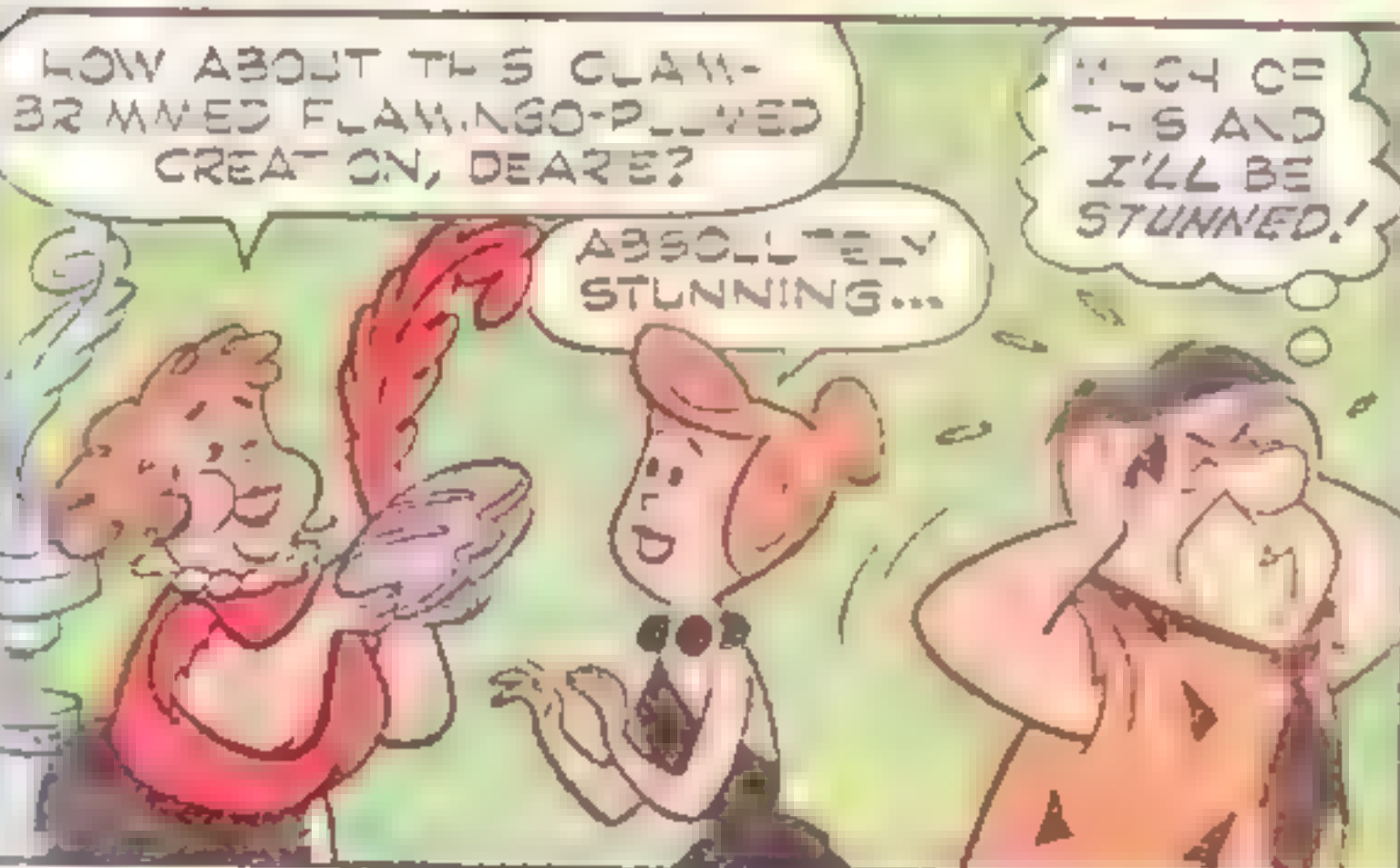
SIGH!



HOW ABOUT THIS CLAM-
BRIMMED FLAMINGO-PILED
CREATION, DEAR?

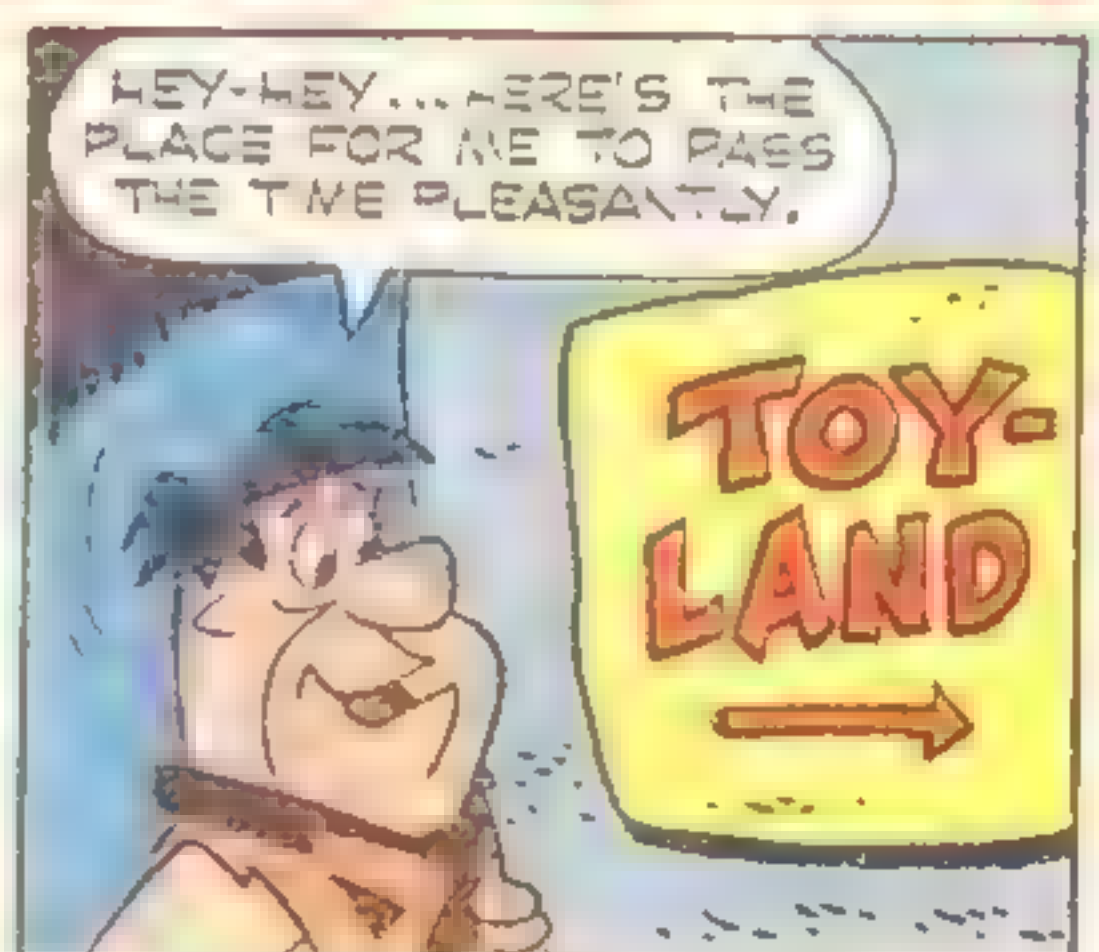
ABSOLUTELY
STUNNING...

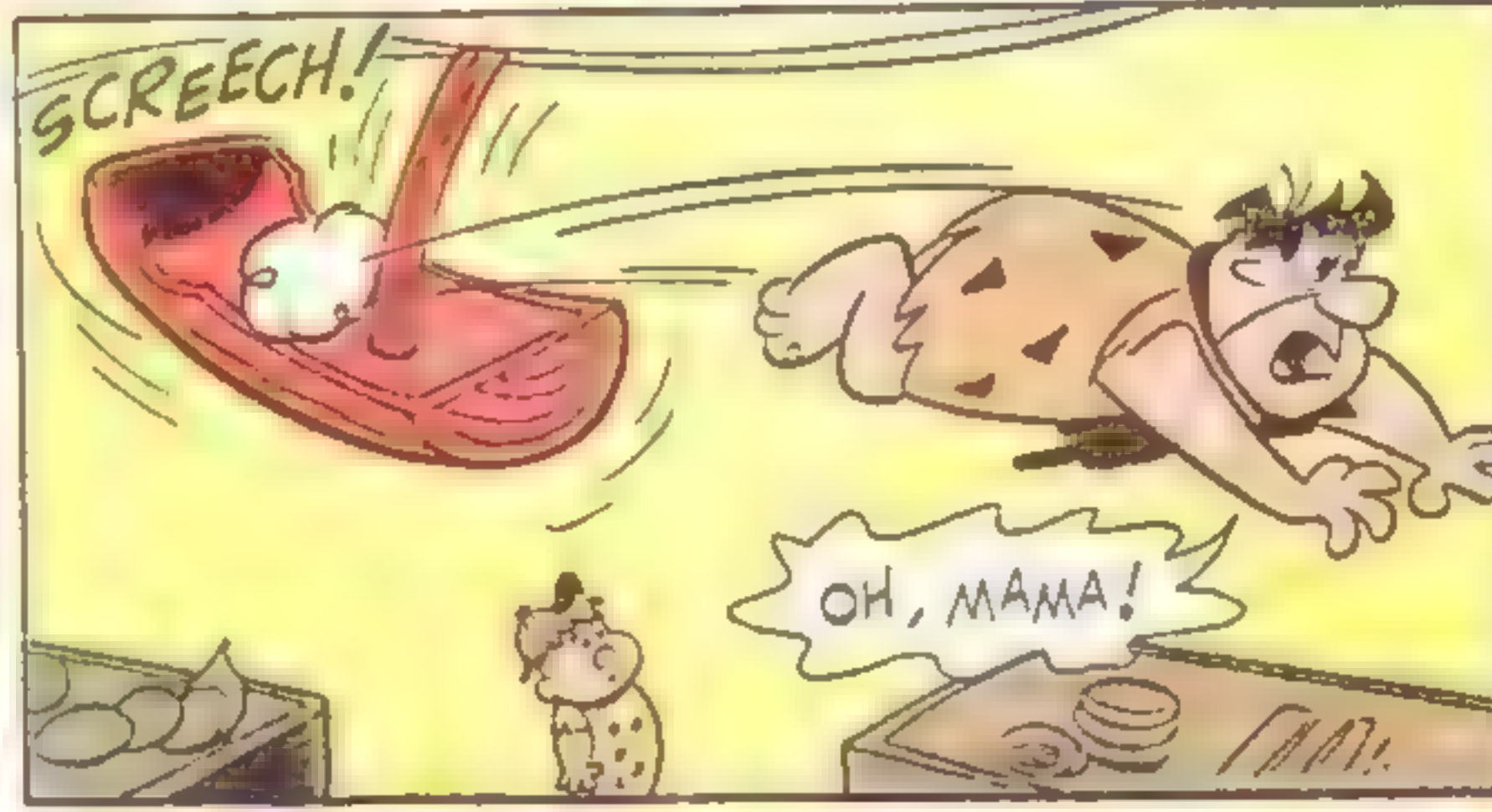
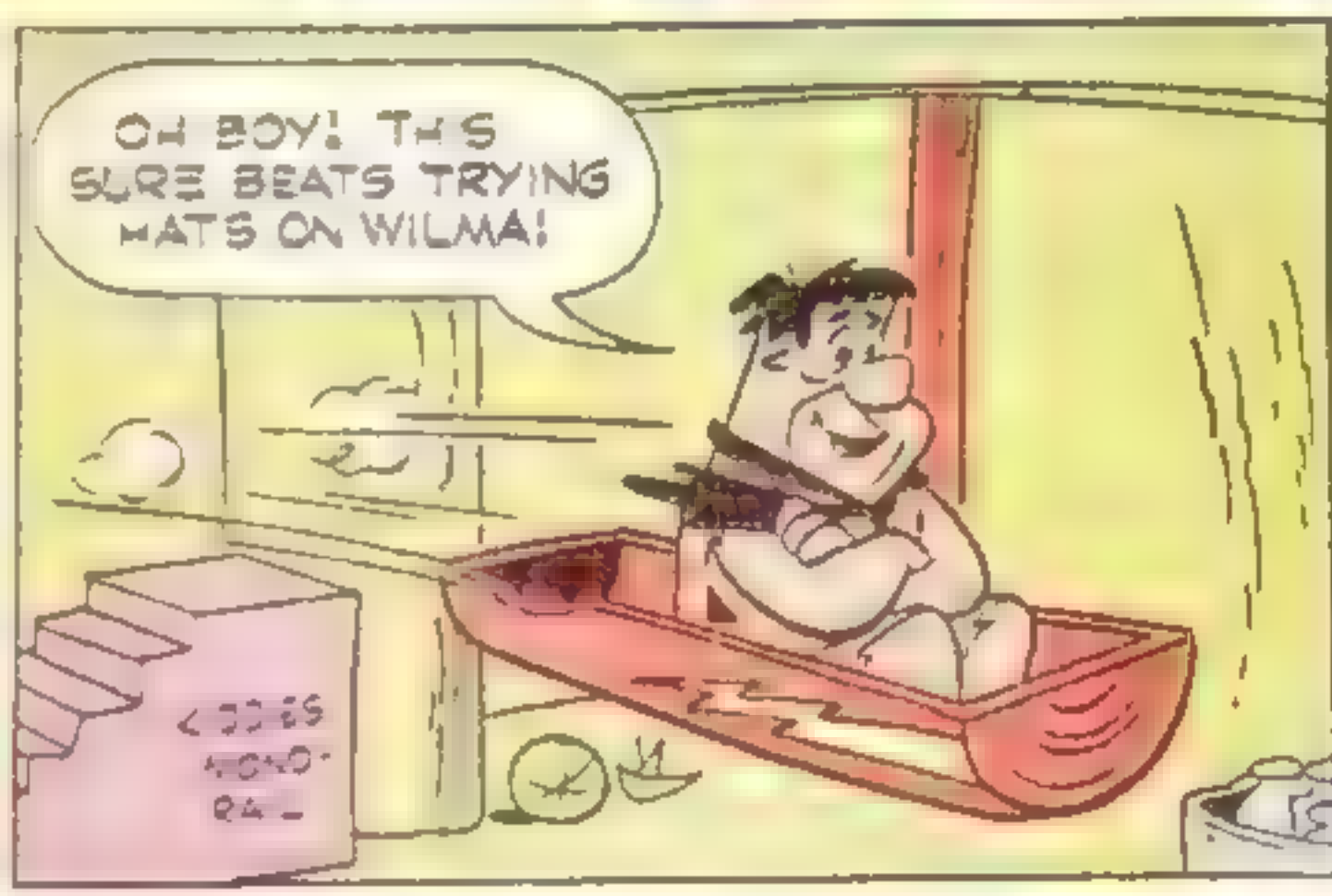
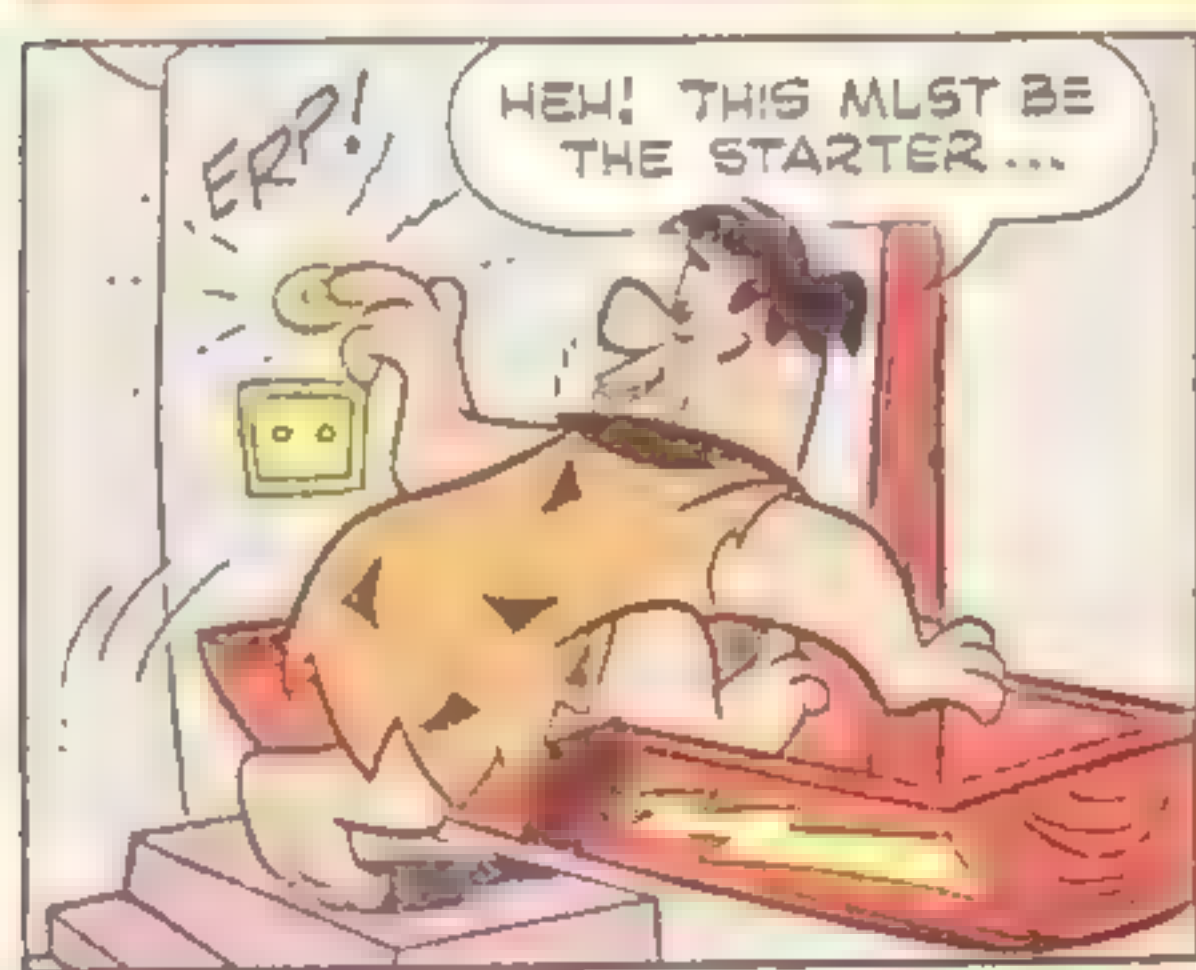
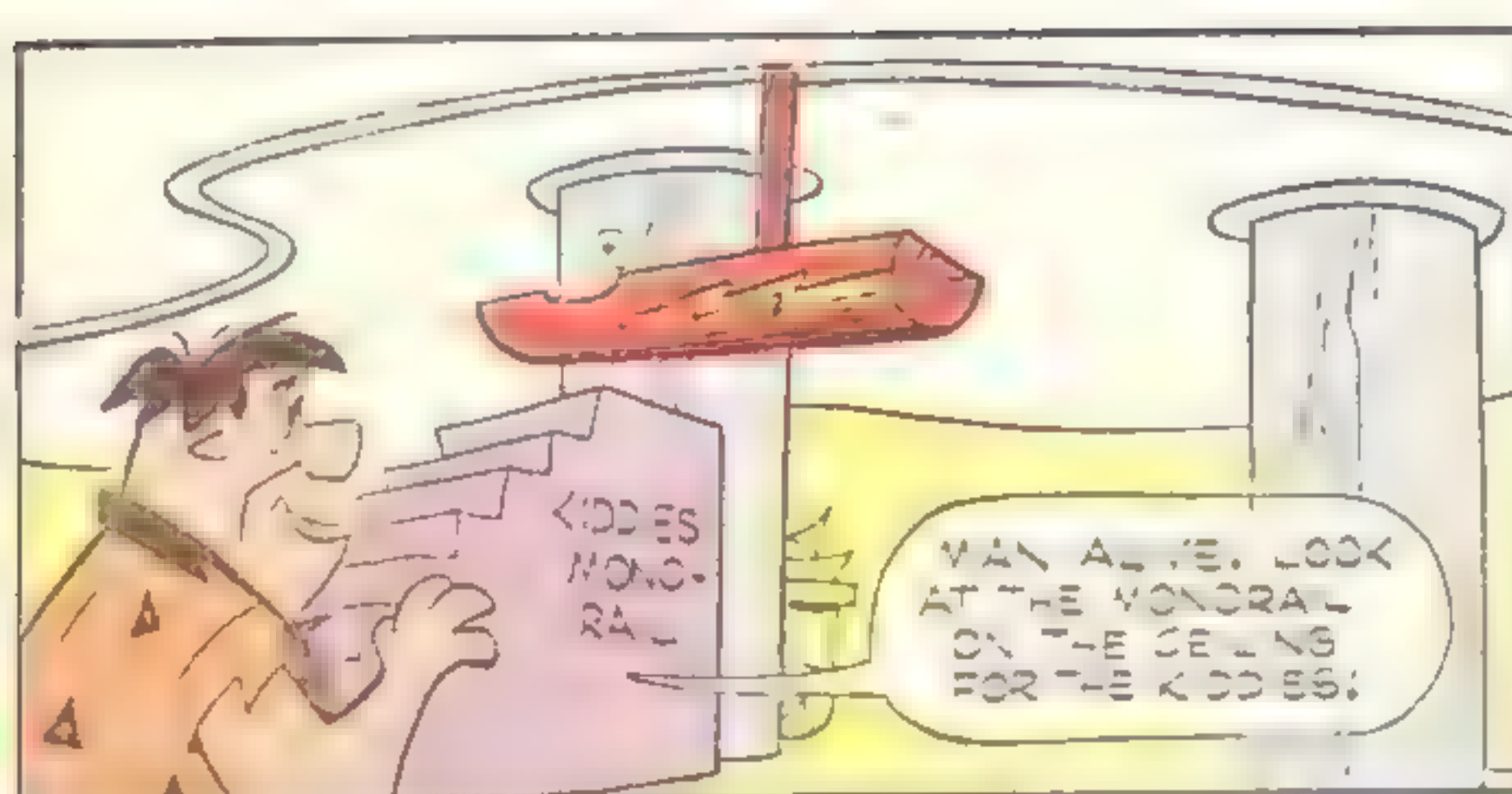
MUCH OF
THIS AND
I'LL BE
STUNNED!

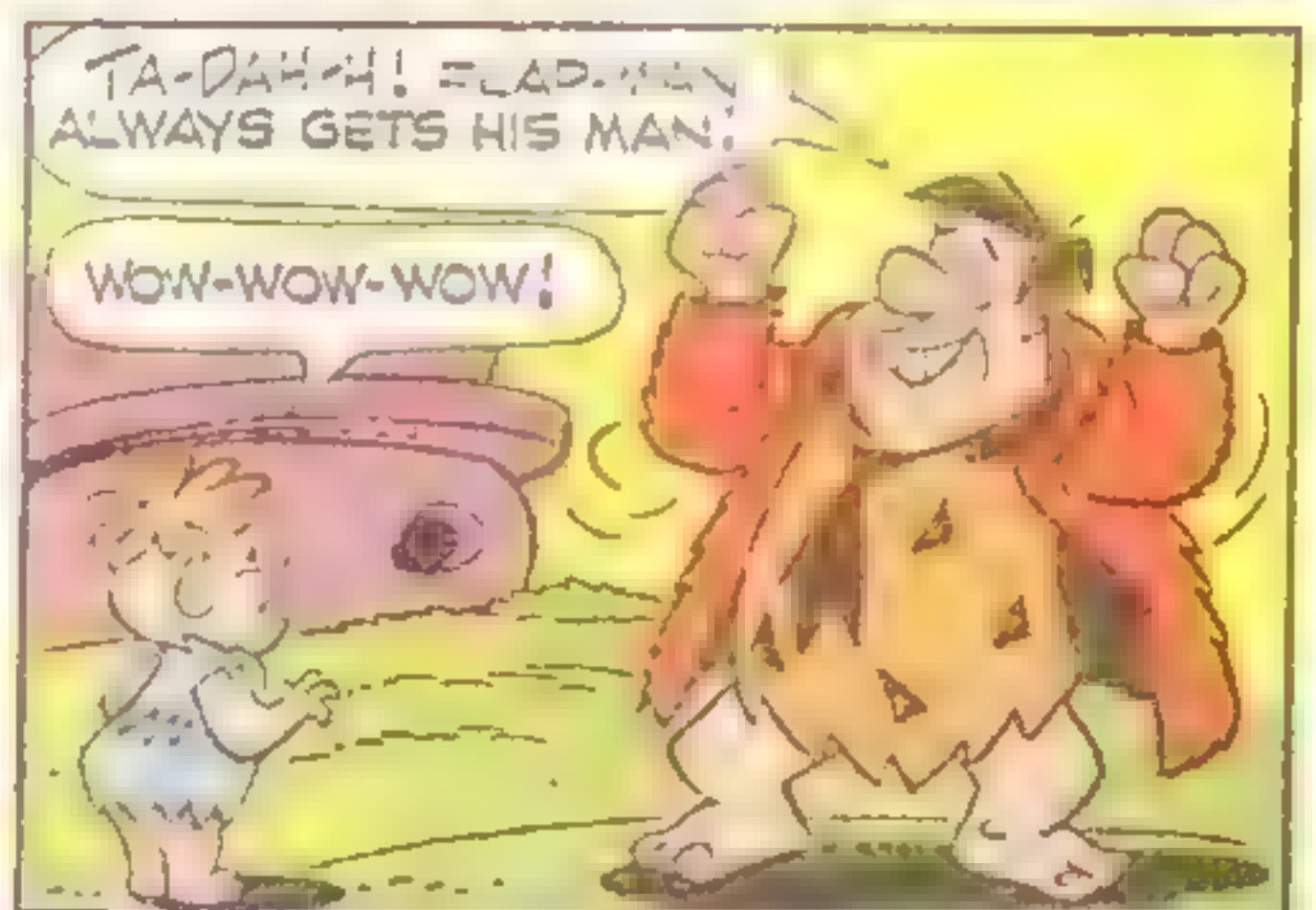
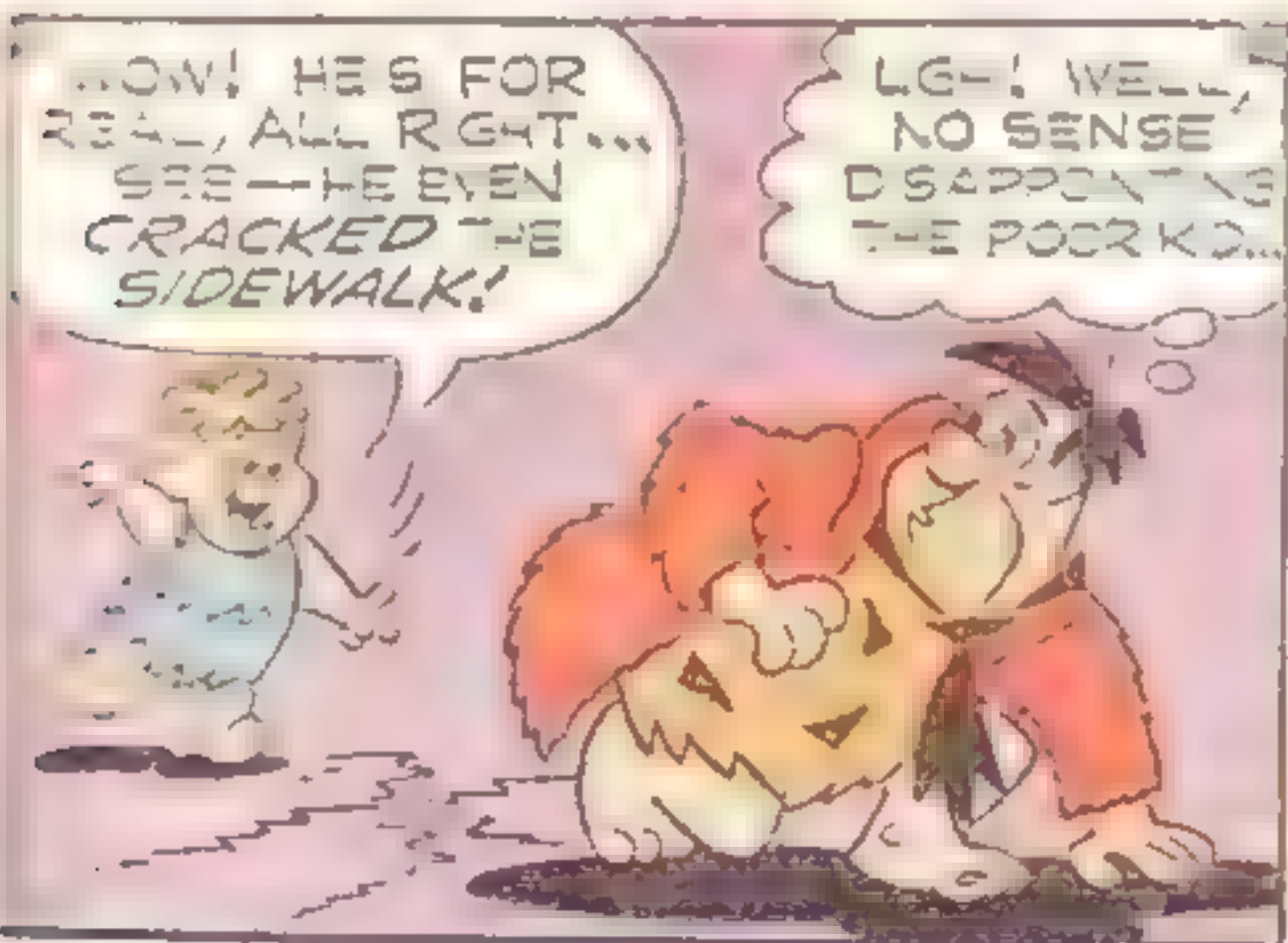
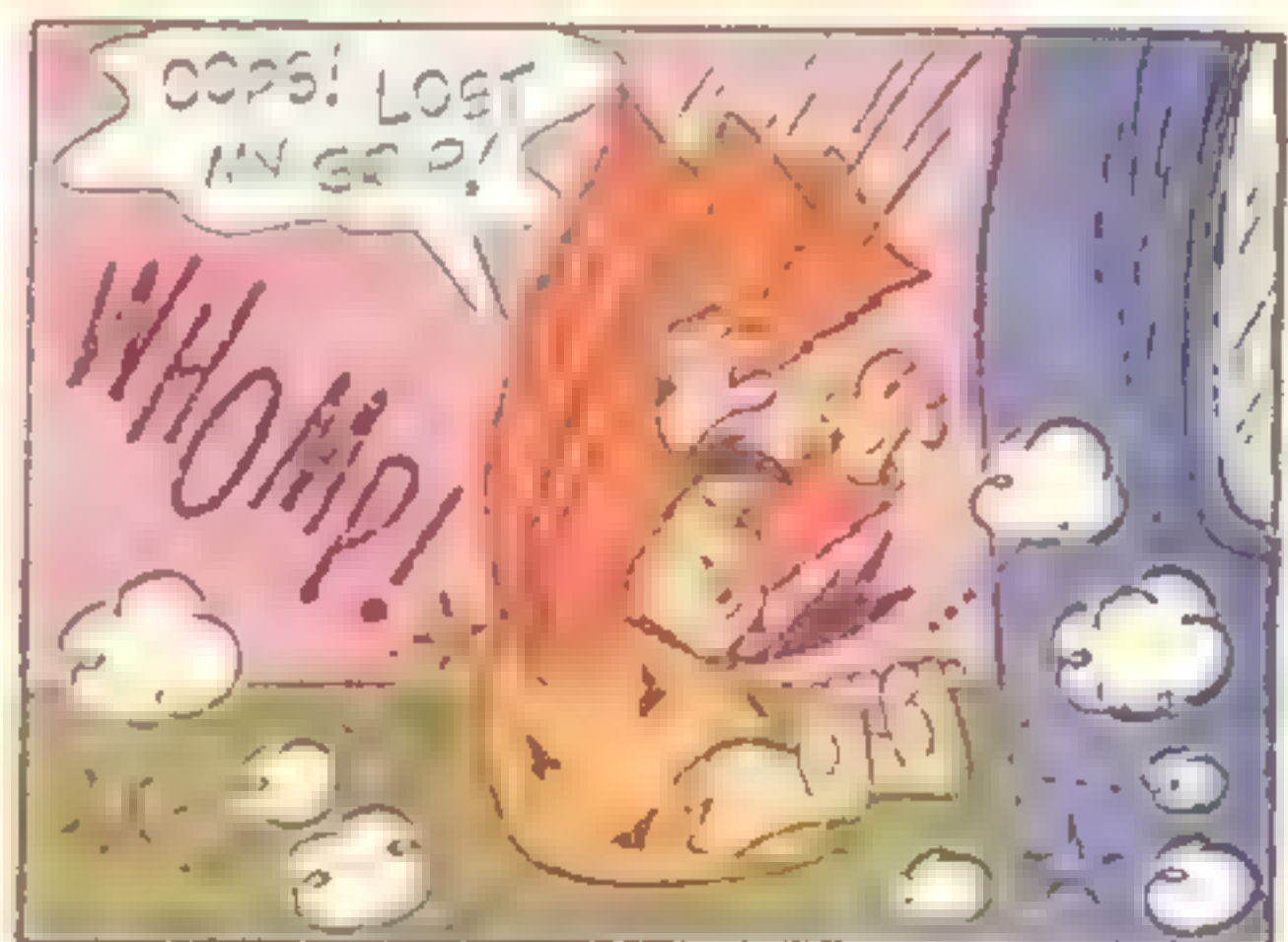
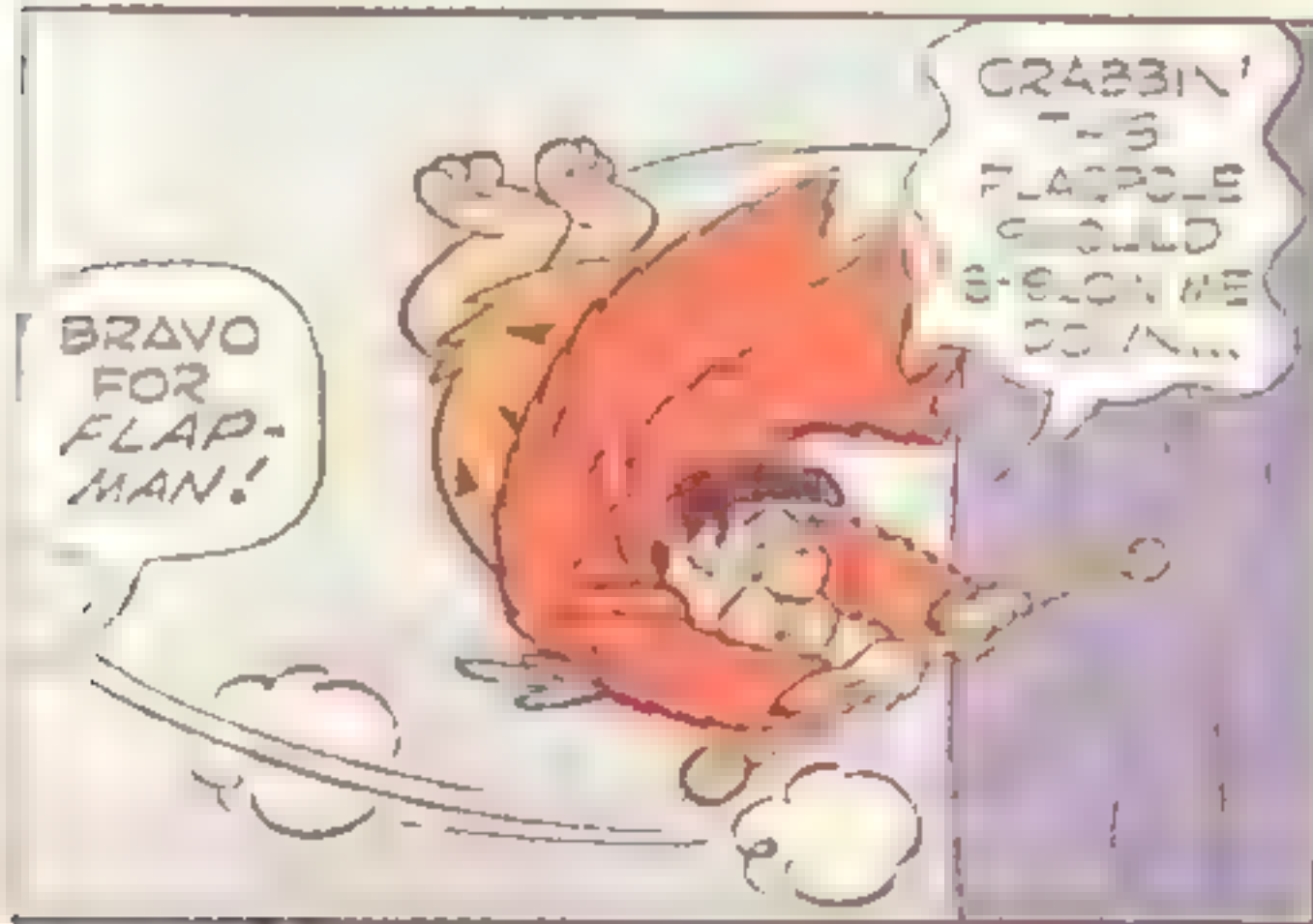
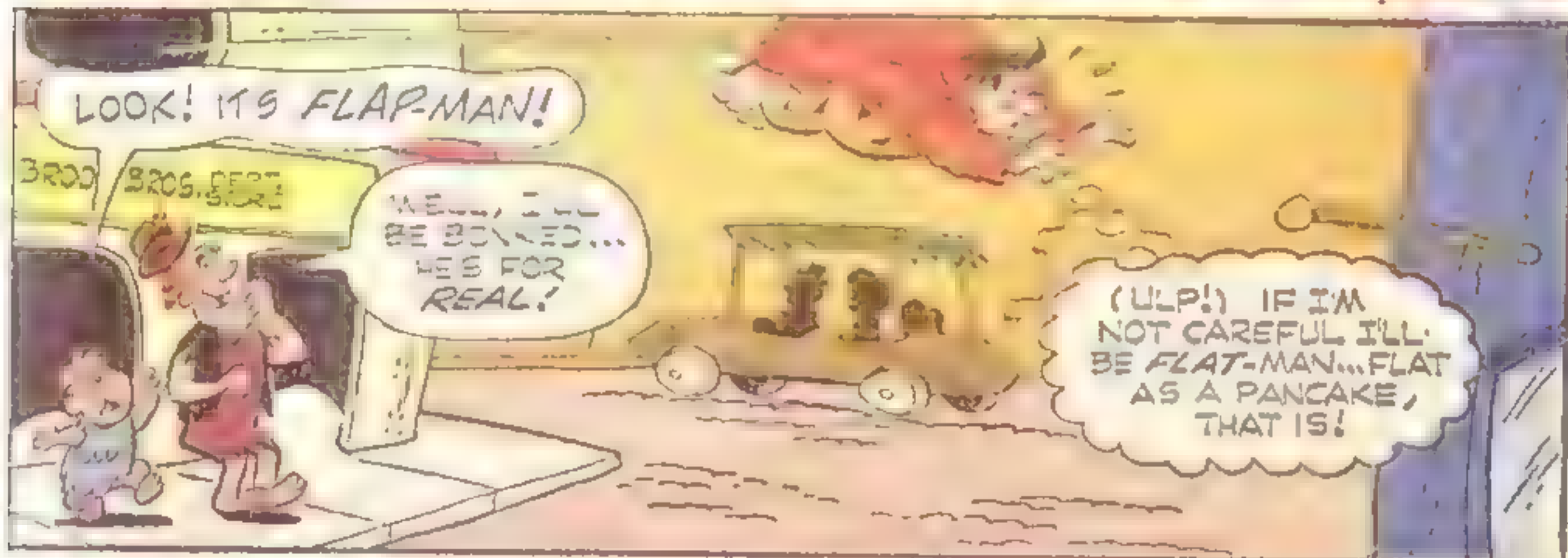
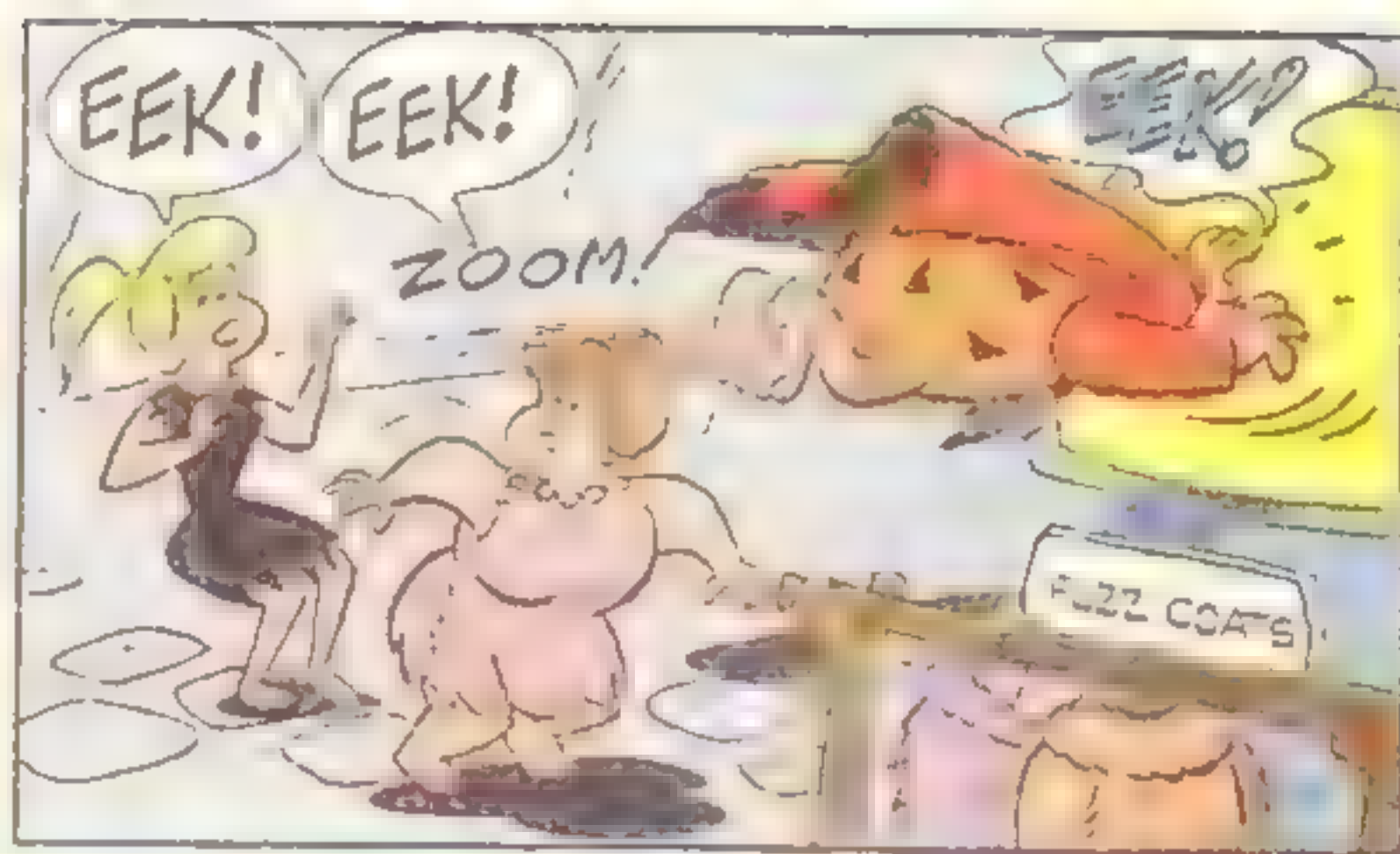
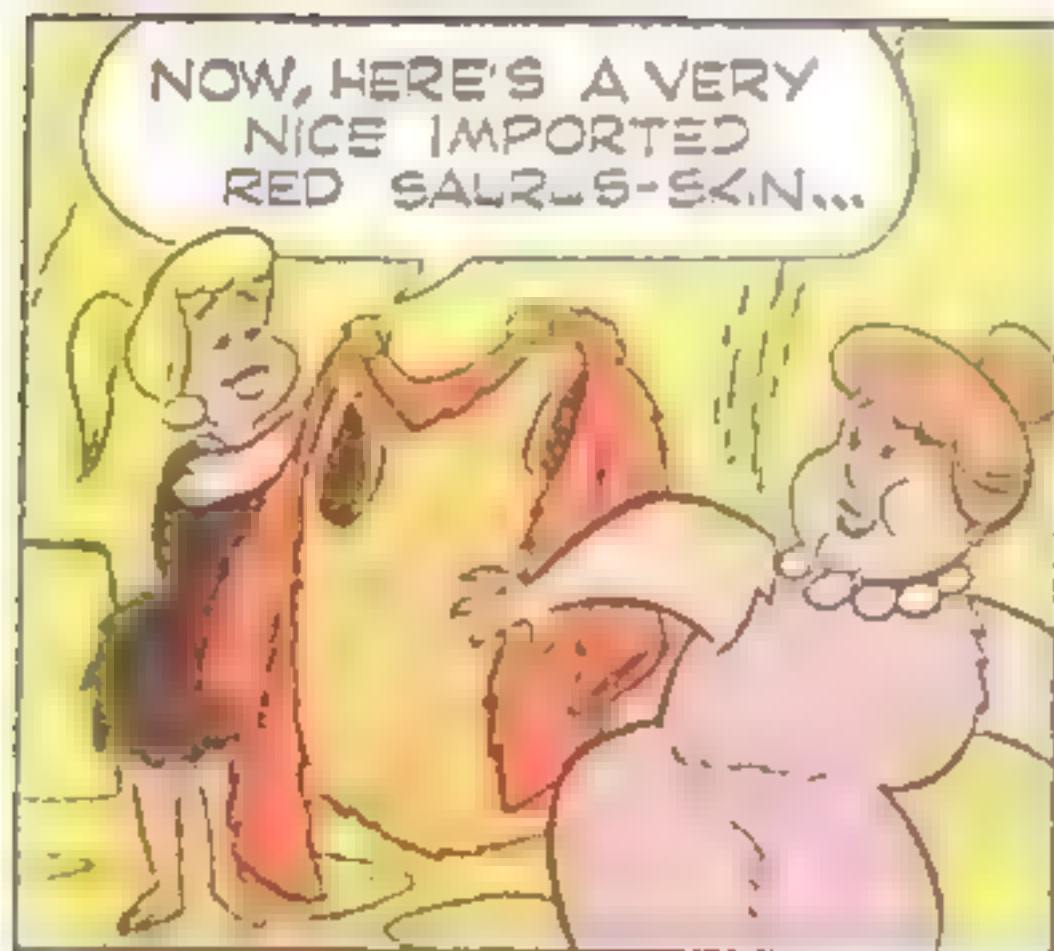


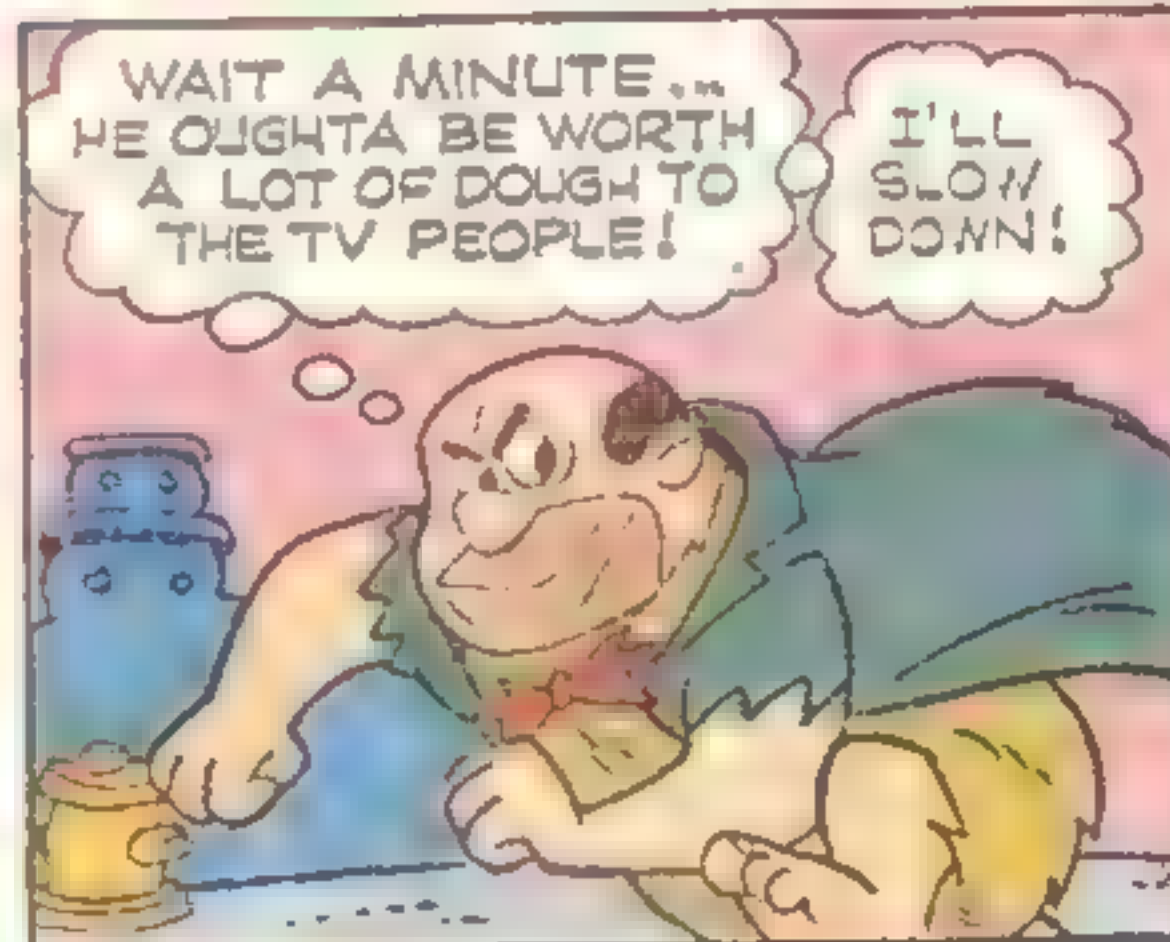
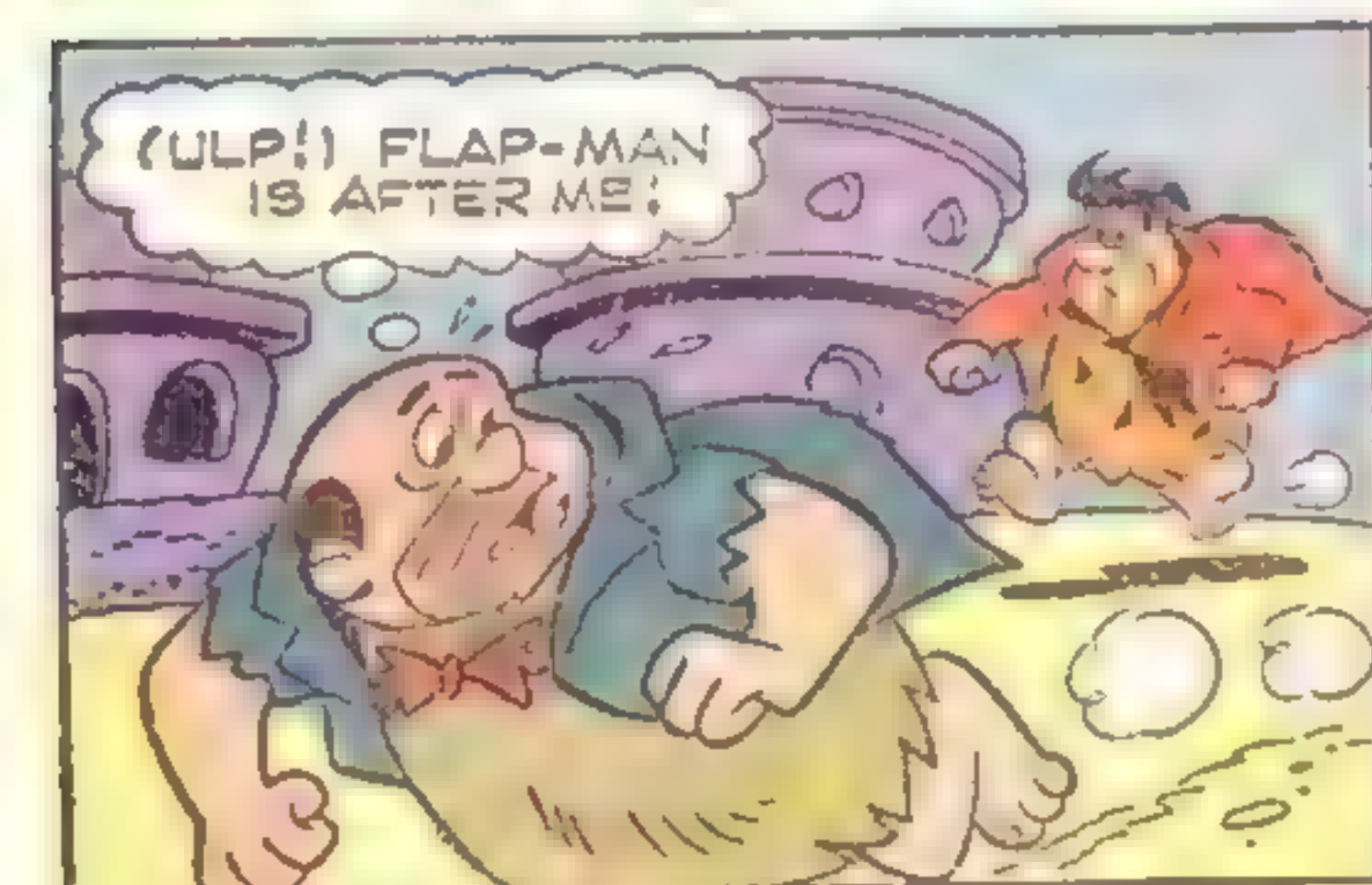
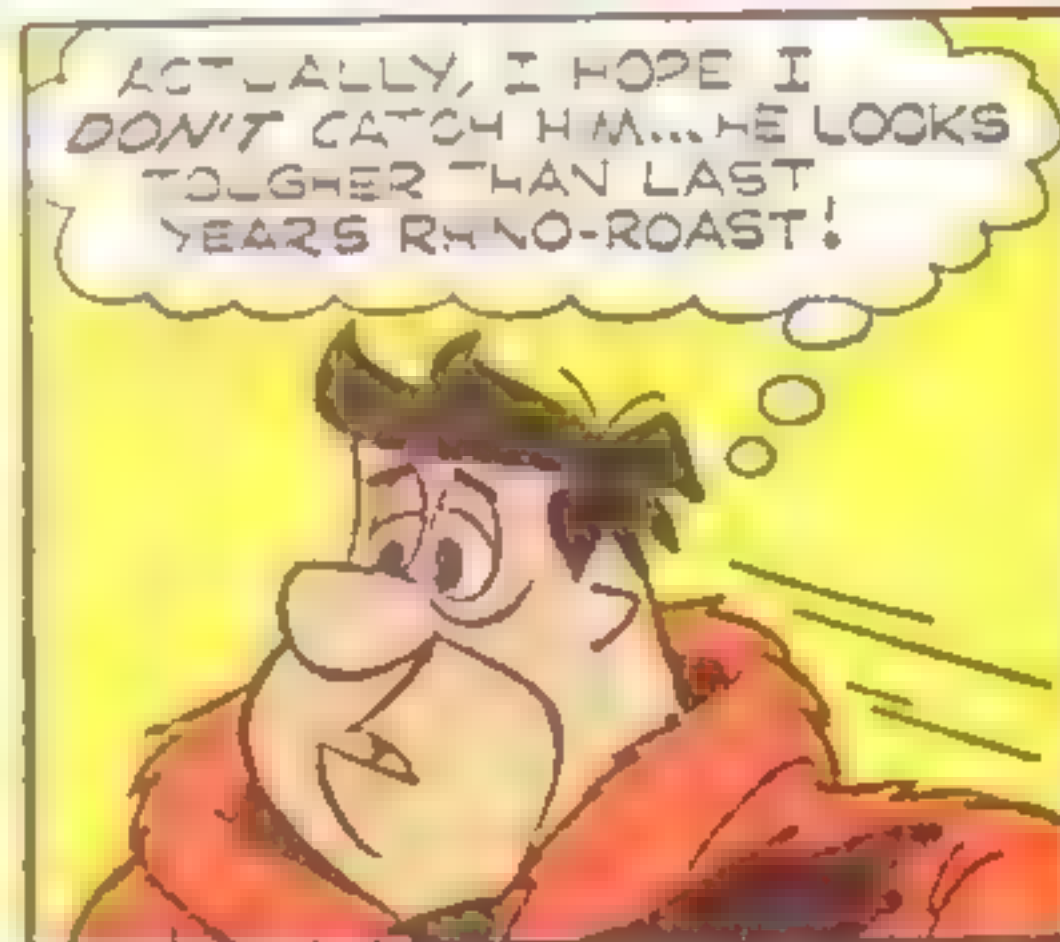
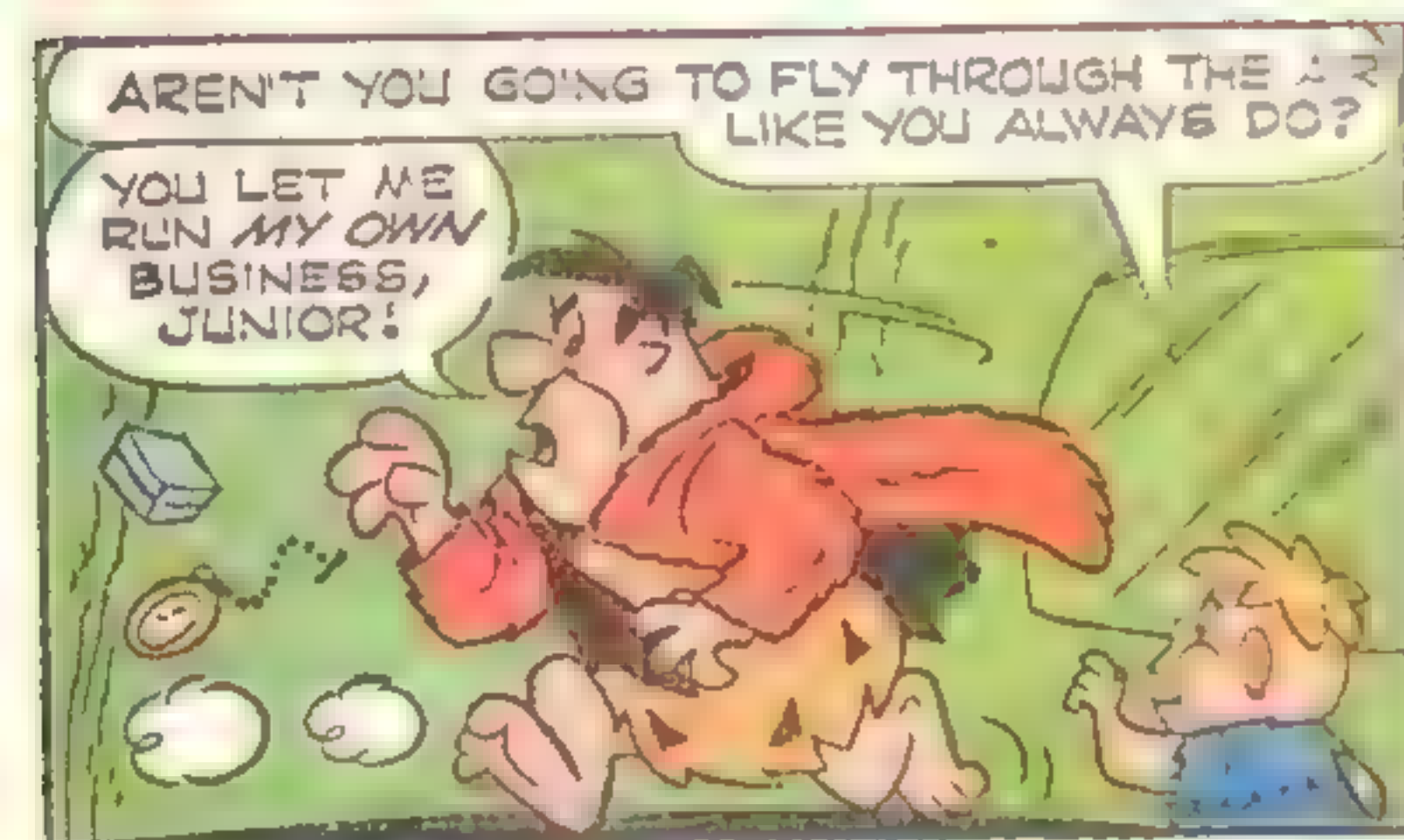
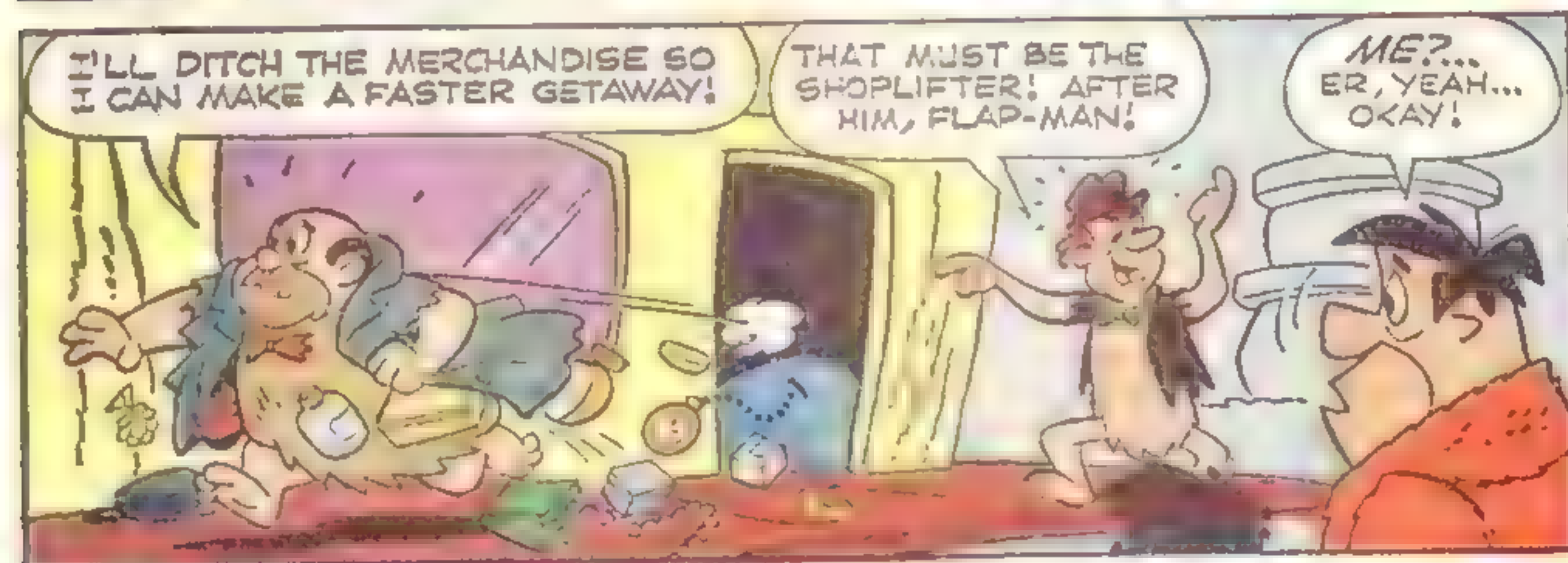
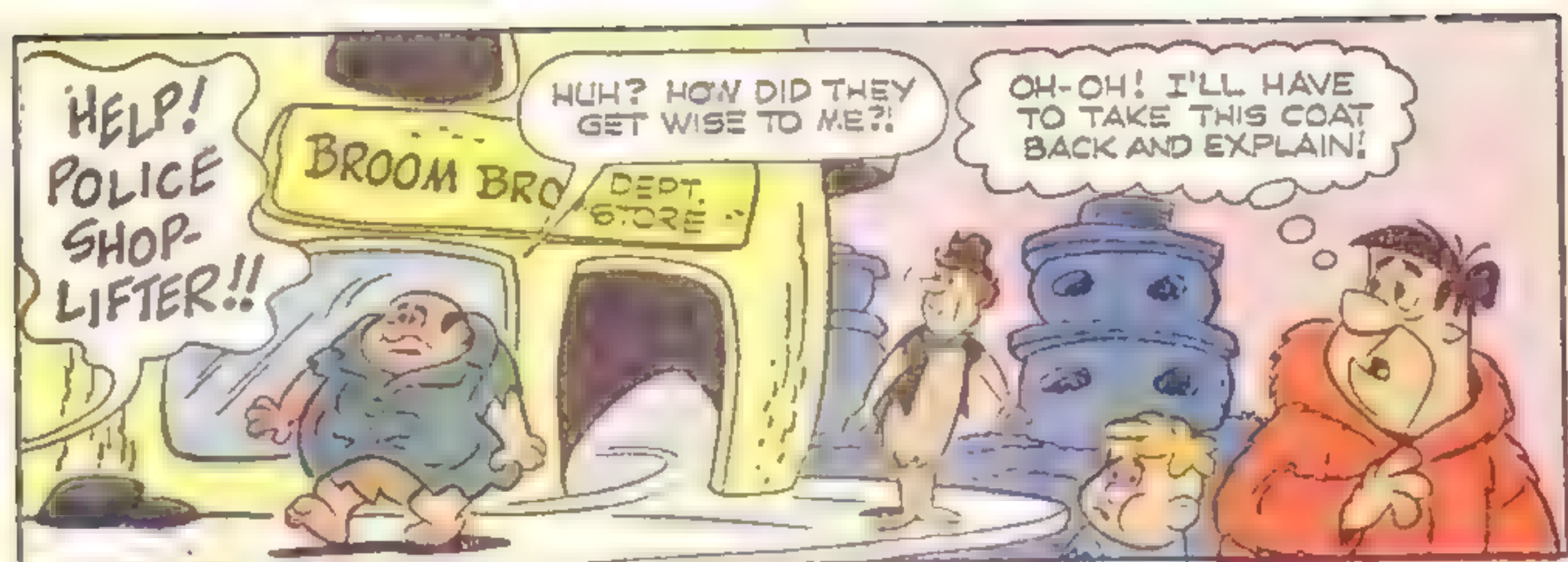
HEY-HEY... HERE'S THE
PLACE FOR ME TO PASS
THE TIME PLEASANTLY.

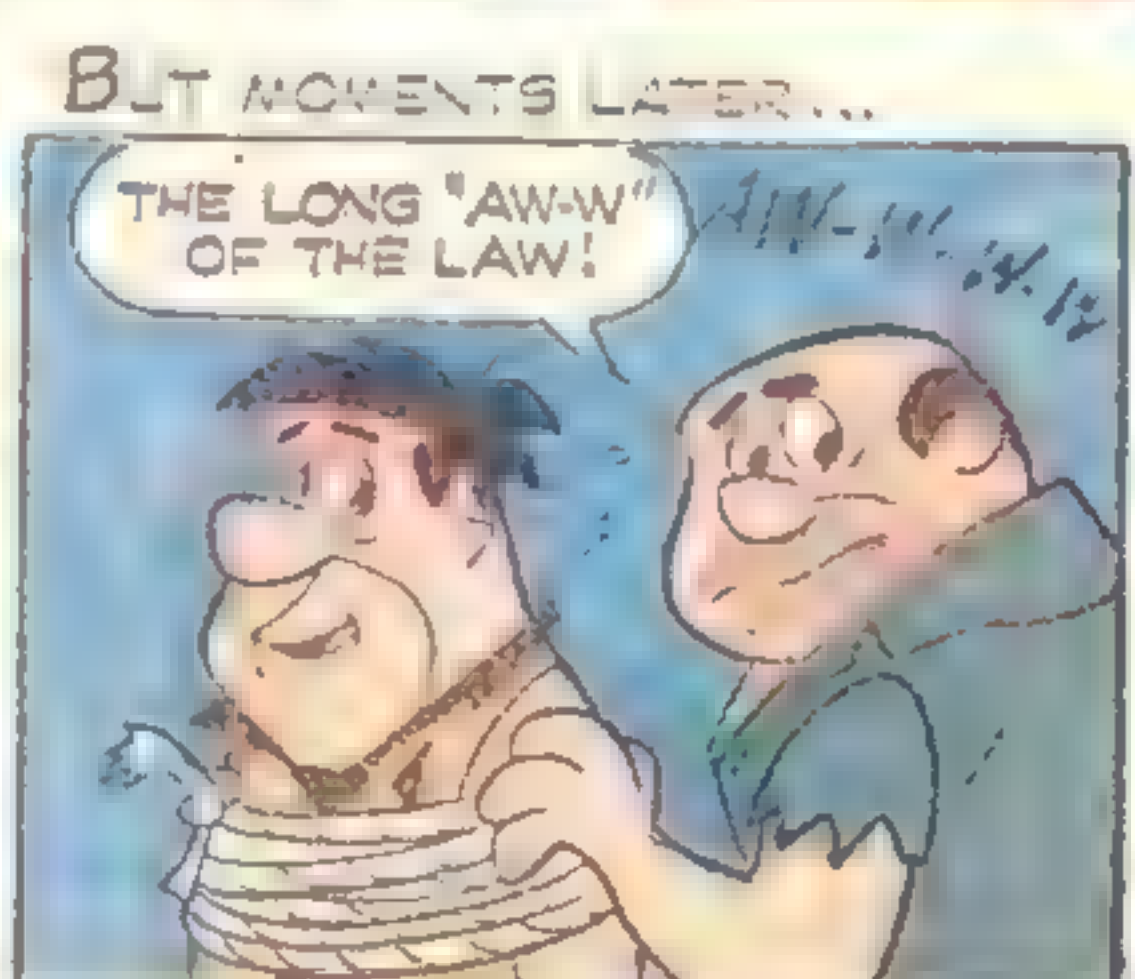
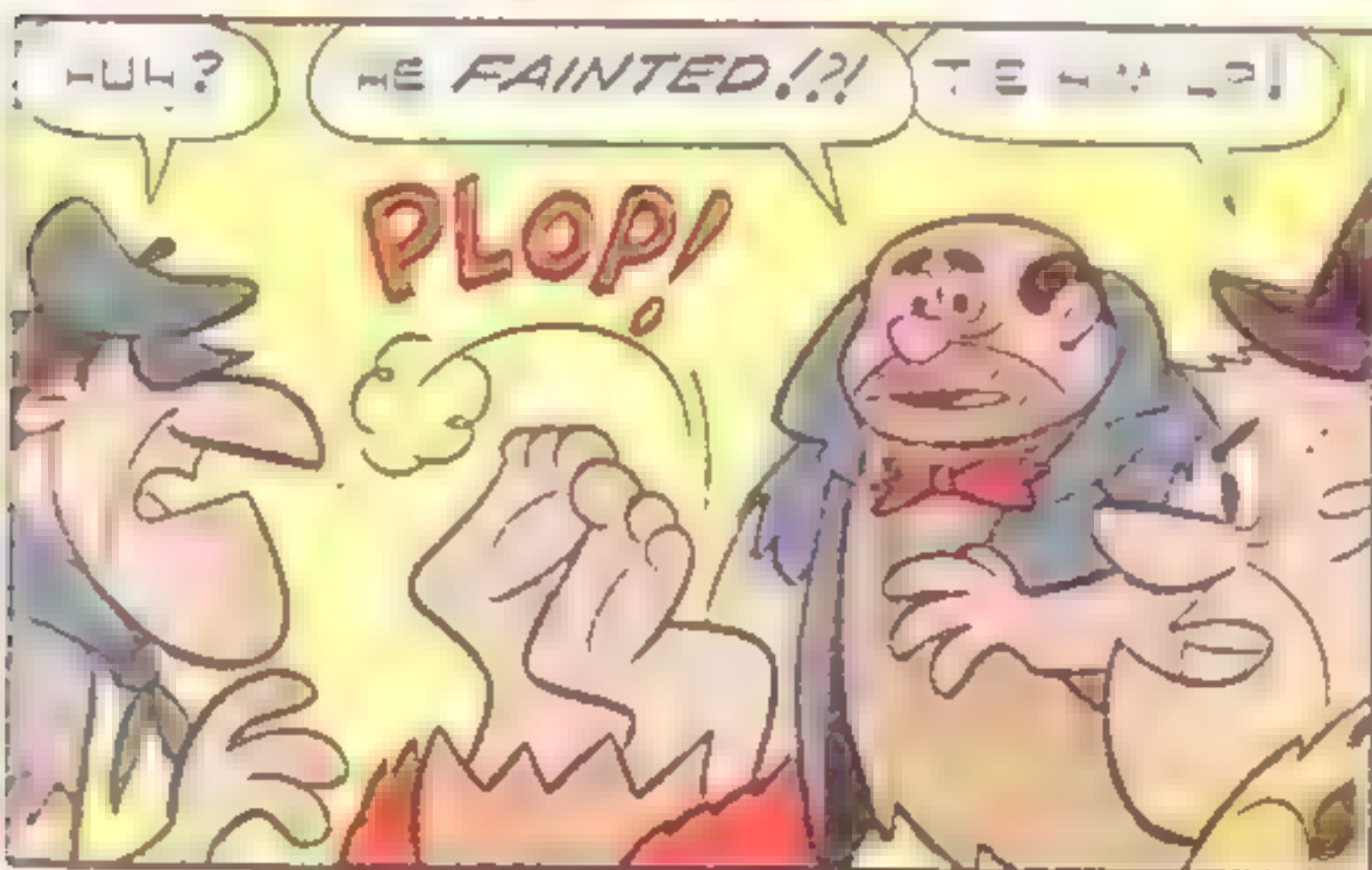
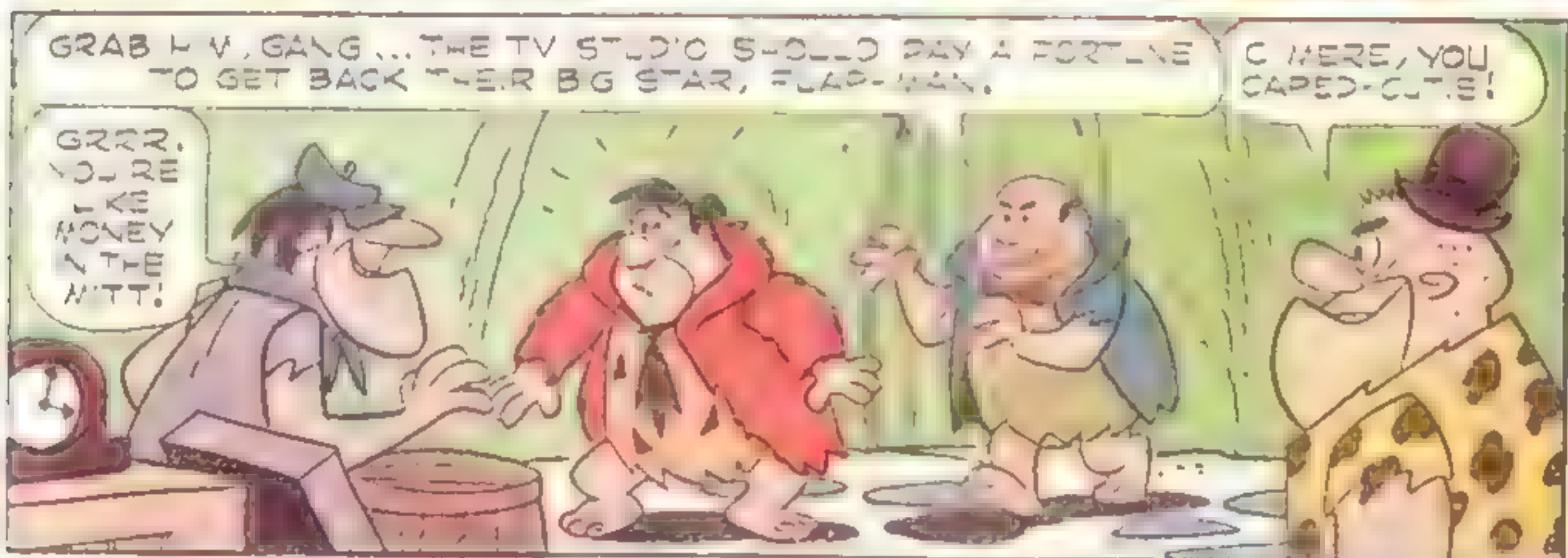
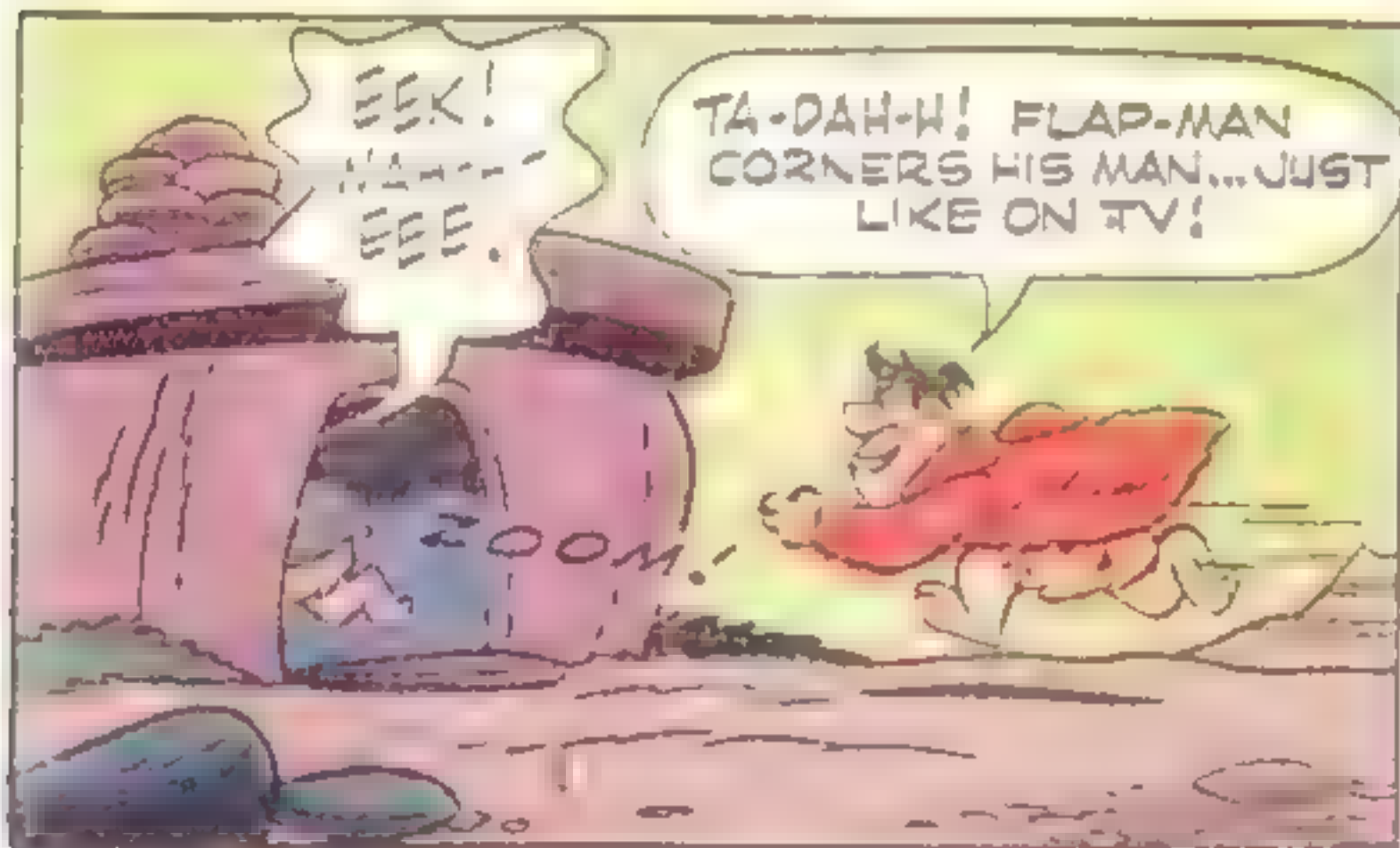
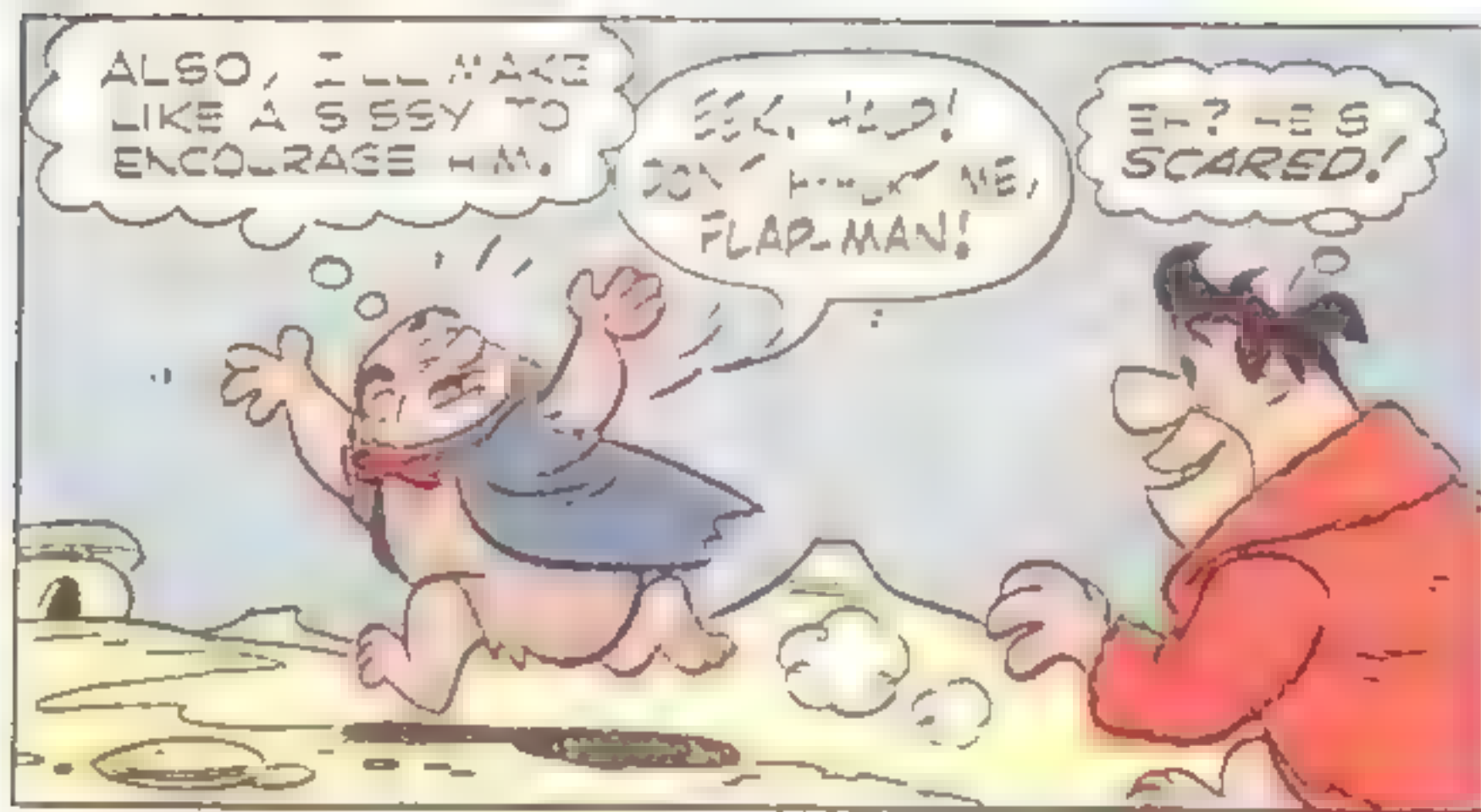
TOY-
LAND
→











GOT'CHA WITH THE
GOODS, YOU GANG OF
SHOPLIFTERS!

AWK! HOW'D YOU
FIND OUR HIDE-OUT?

ELEMENTARY T-D-OFF FROM A
HERO-WORSHIPPING ULVEN LE!

I FOLLOWED
FLAP-MAN
HERE AND GOT
WORRE D
WHEN HE D'NT
COME OUT!

ARE
YOU
OKAY,
FLAP-
MAN?

YEAH, BUT IM AN
ACCIDENTAL HERO...
MY REAL NAME IS
FRED (FRAIDY-CAT)
FLINTSTONE!

WELL, WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU AND THE
BOY WILL SPLIT THE REWARD OFFERED
BY BEDROCK'S MERCHANTS!

O- BOY!

WOW!

SAY, WITH ALL T-S DOL-GH
I CAN MAKE SHOPPING WITH
WILMA MUCH MORE TO
MY LIKING...

So...

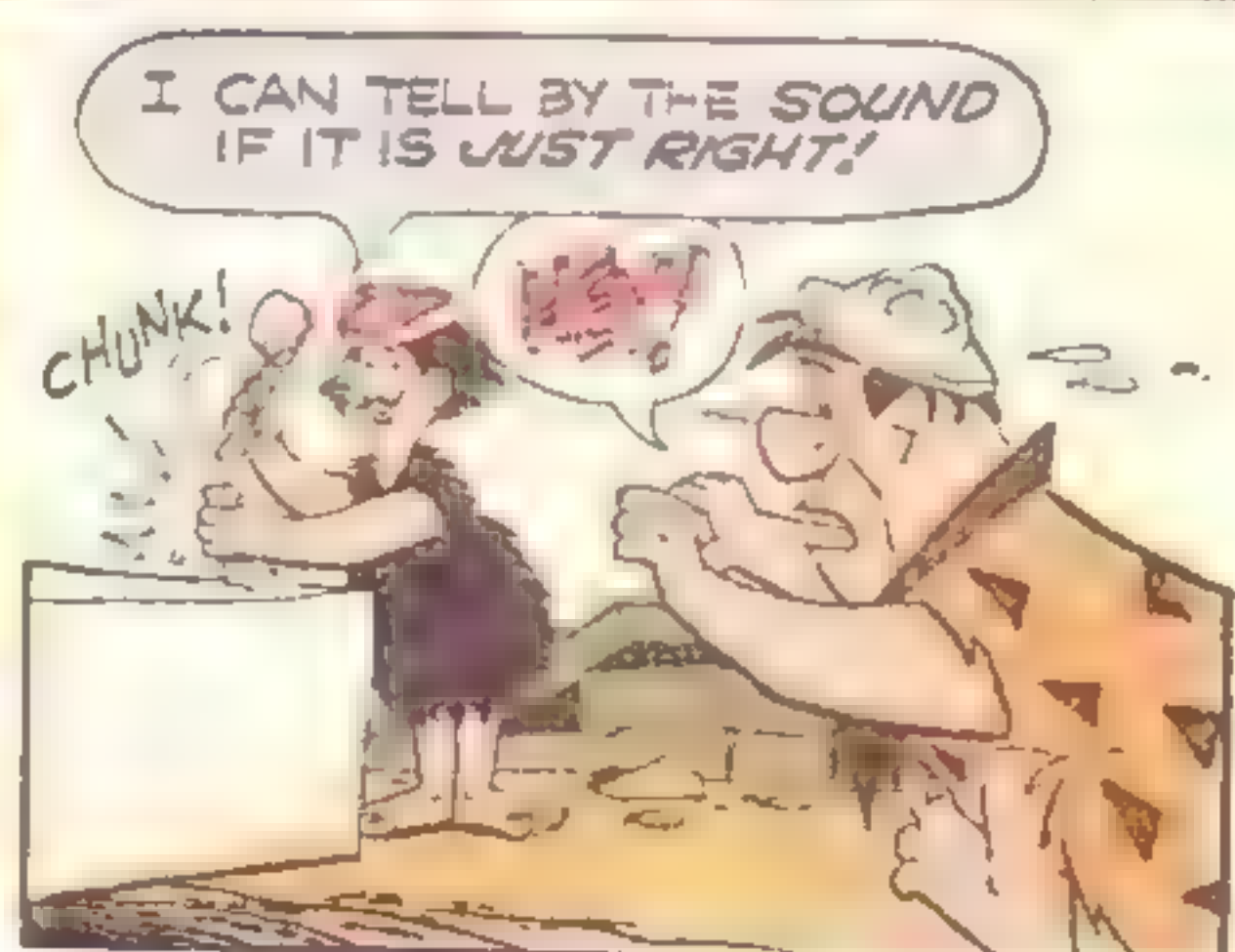
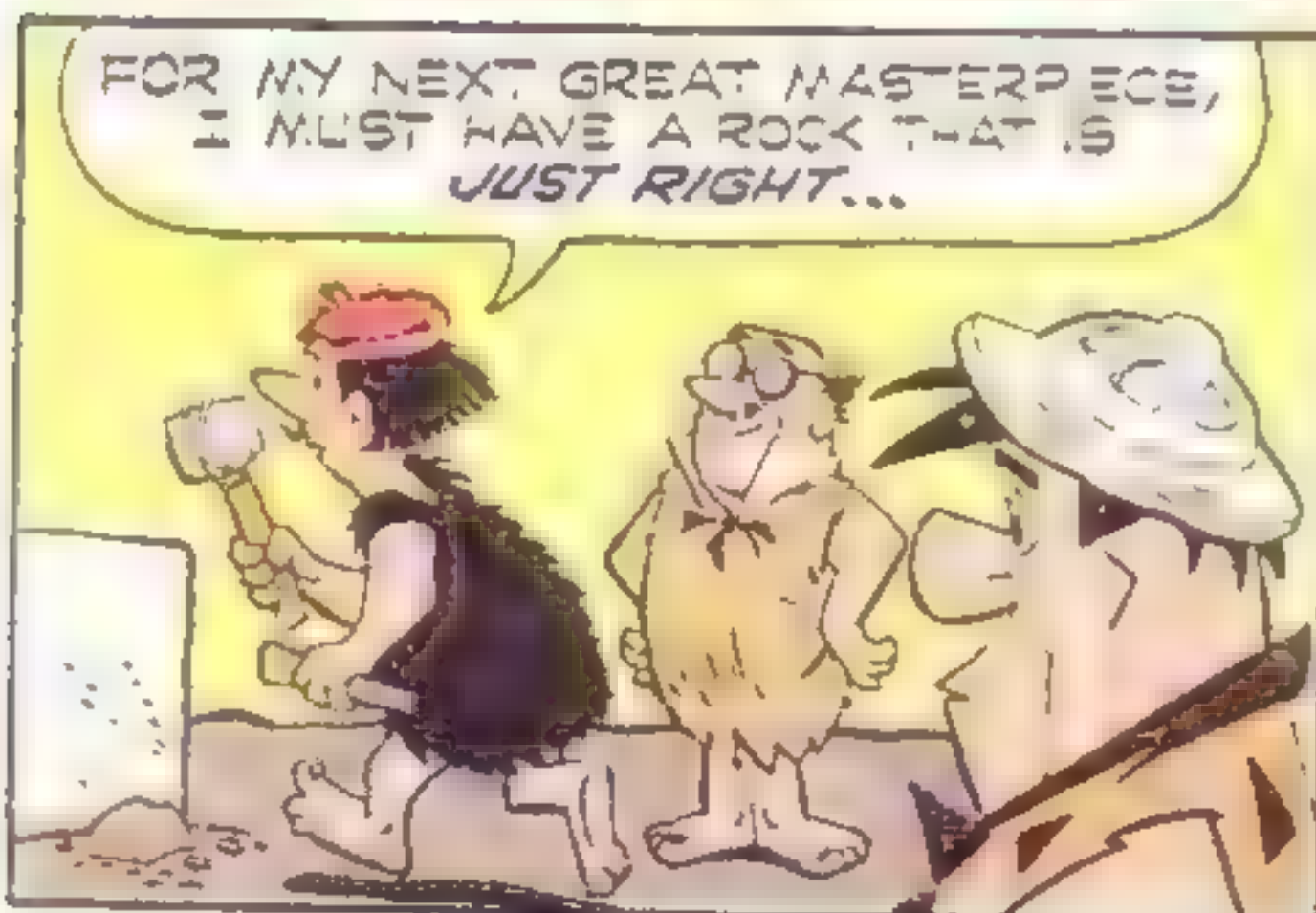
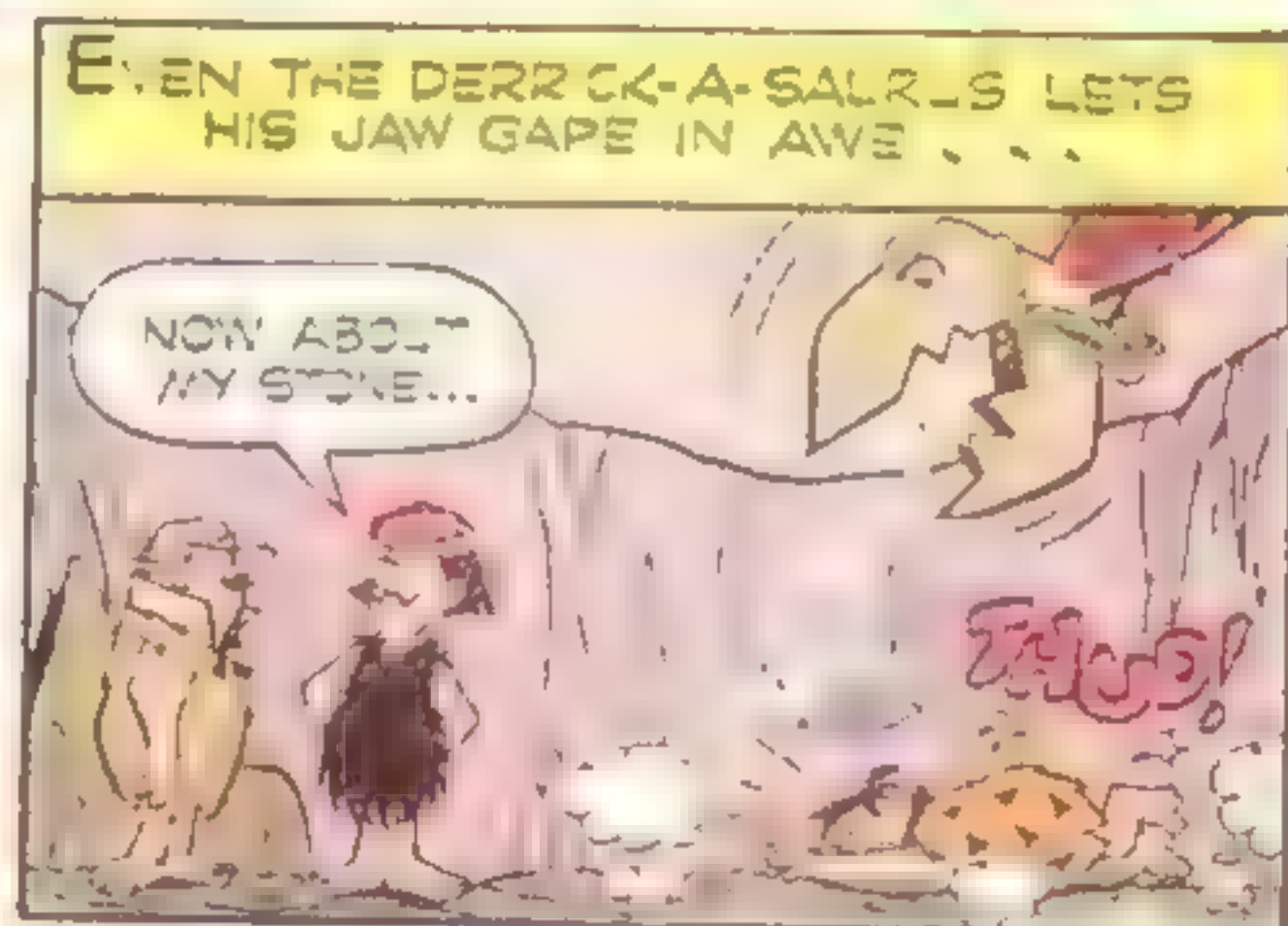
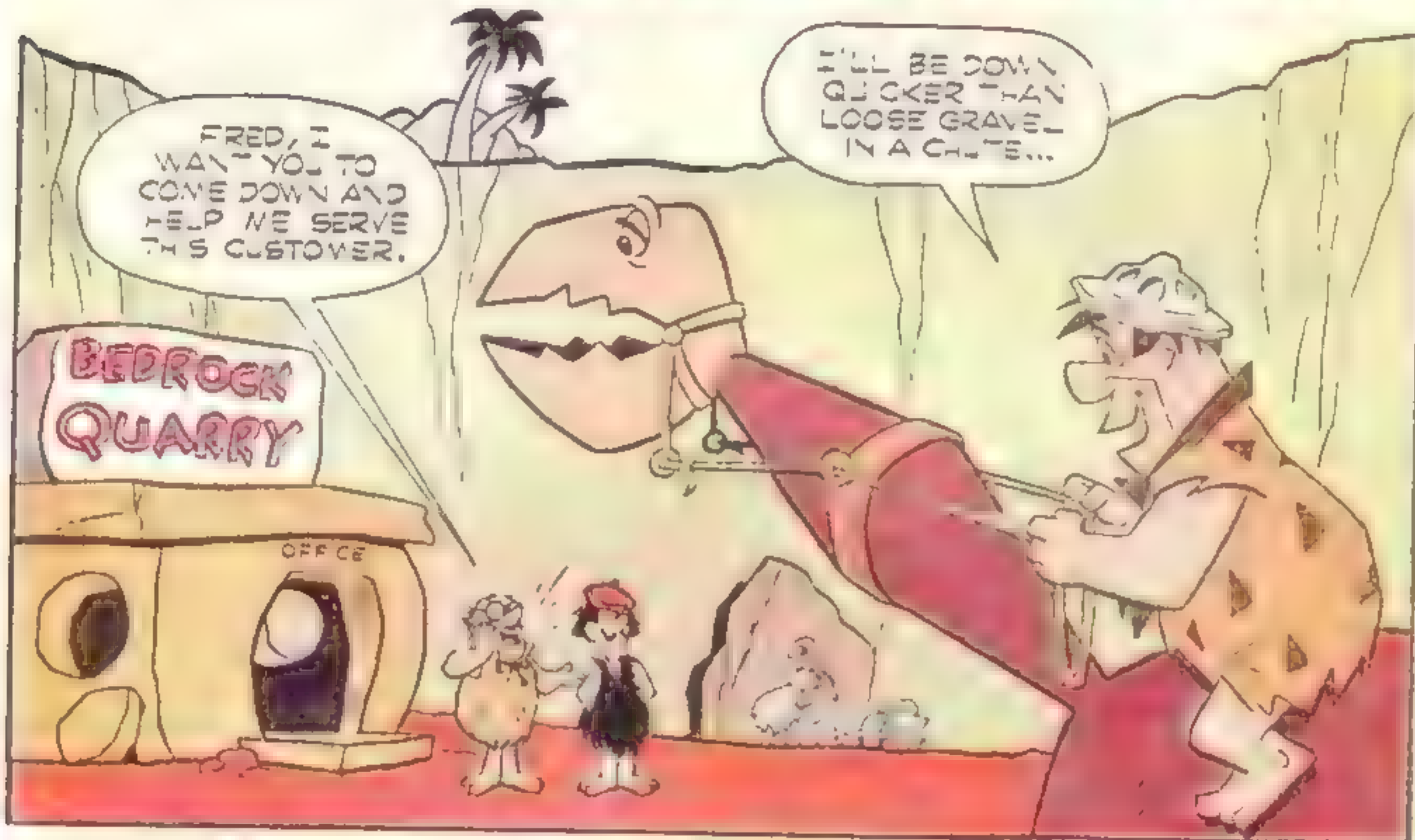
WHAT DO YOU
THINK, FRED?

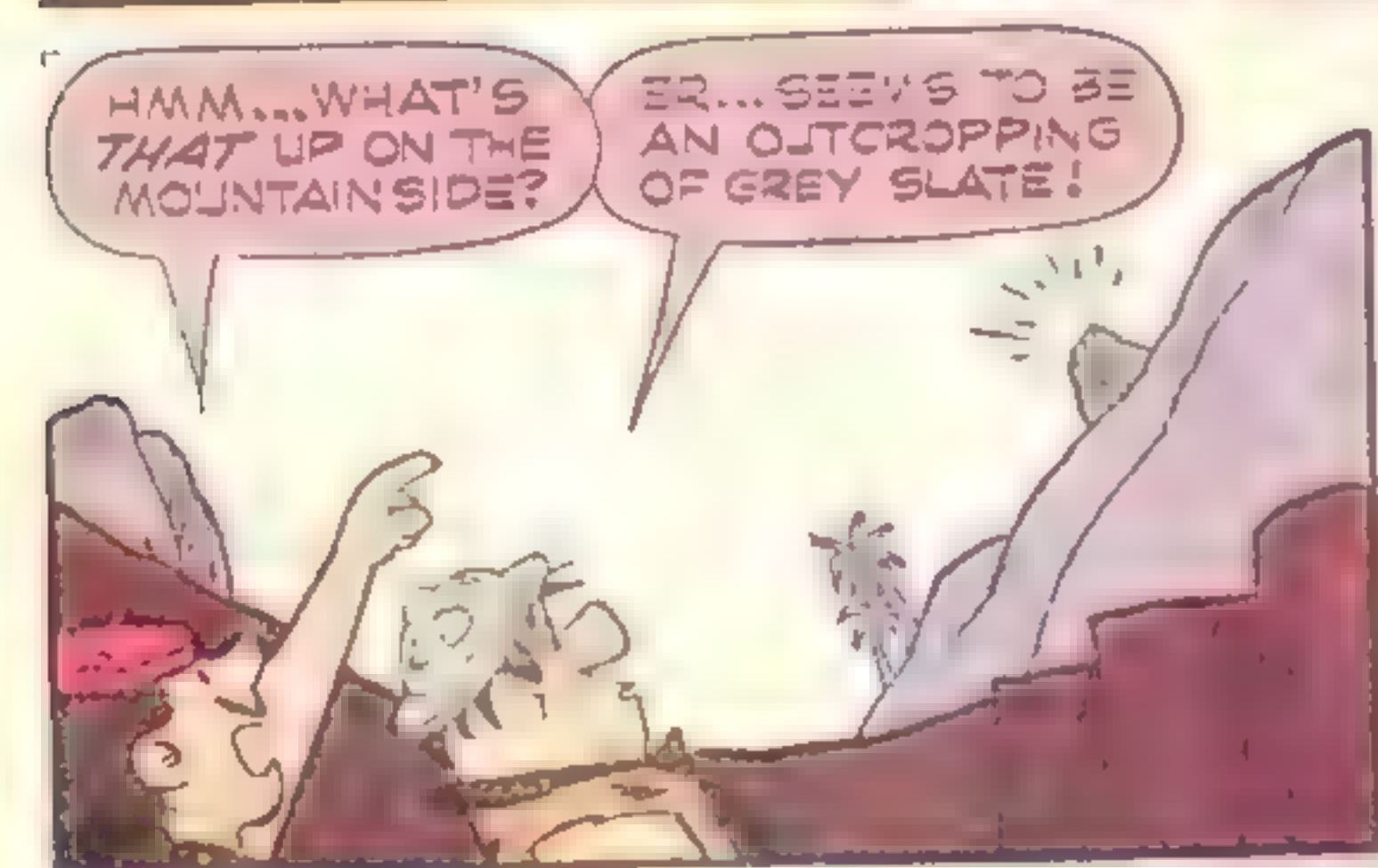
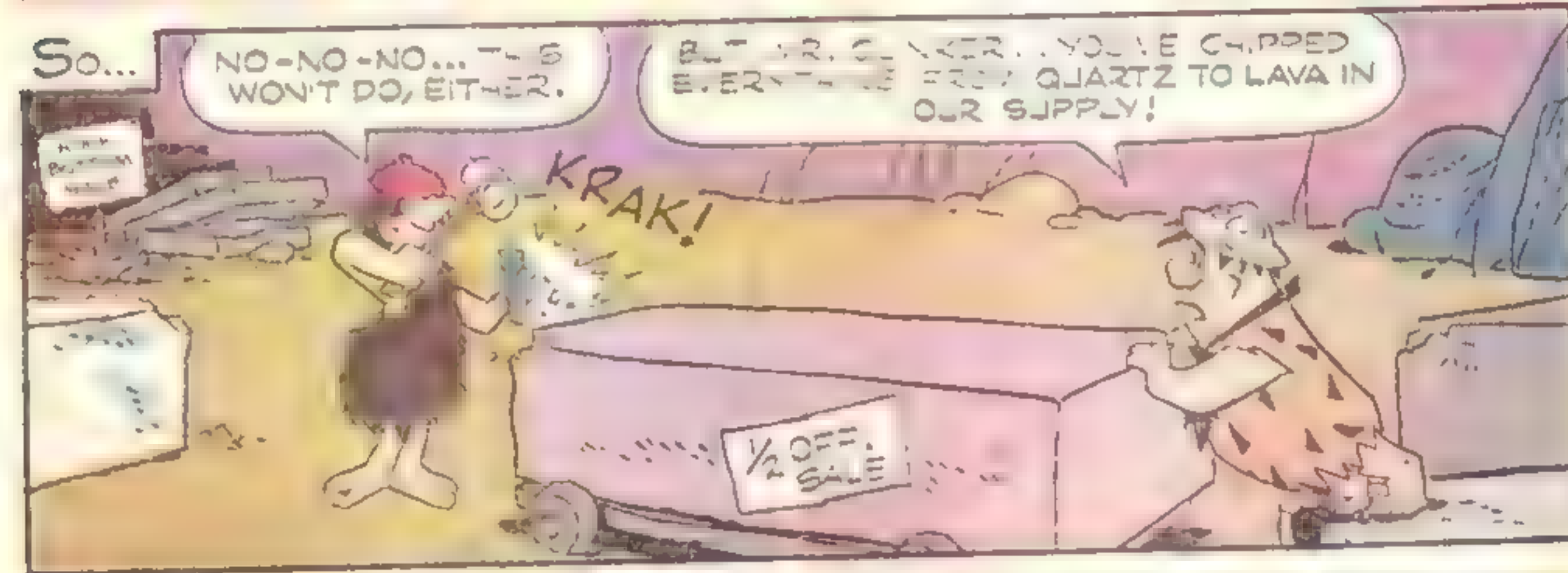
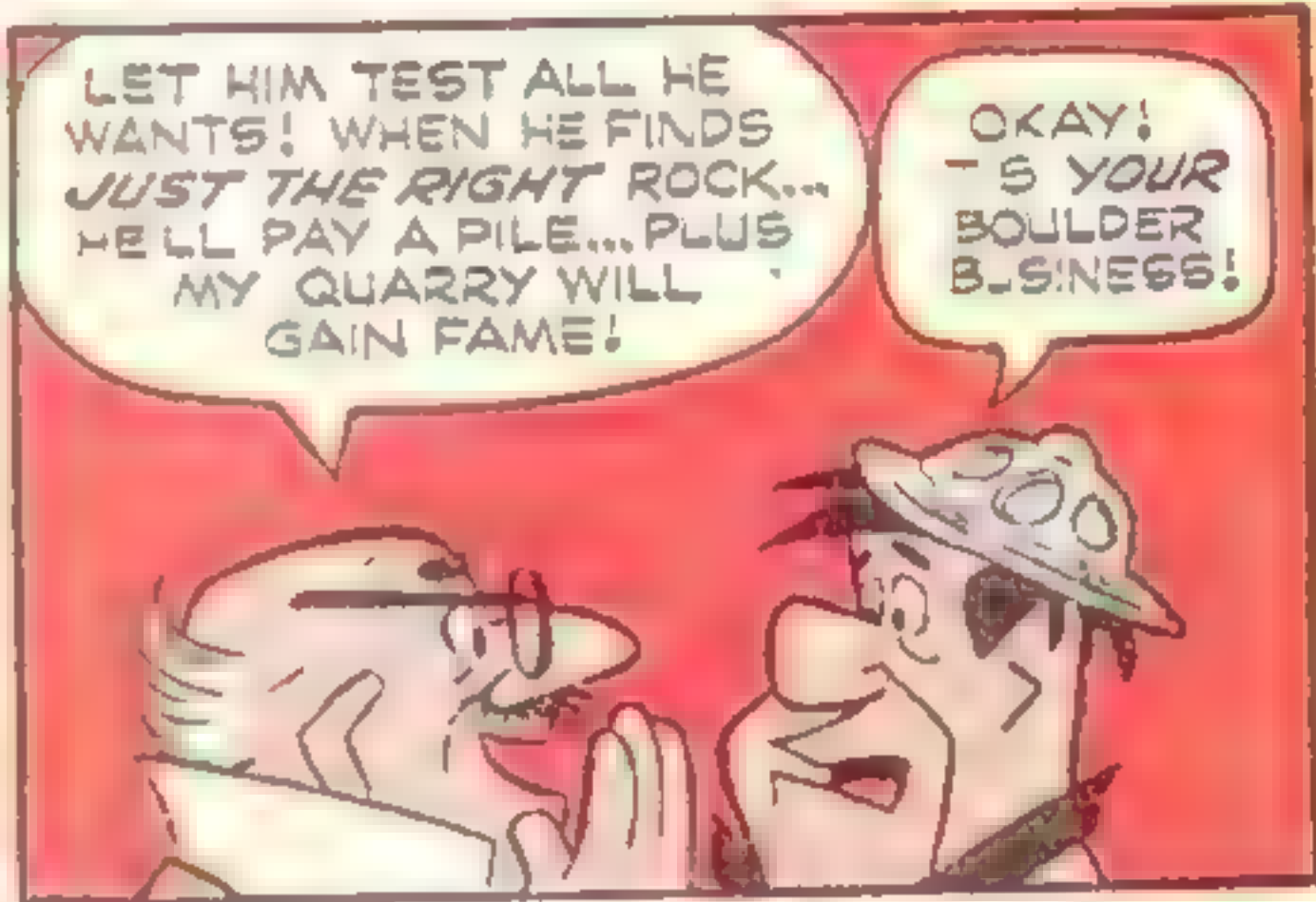
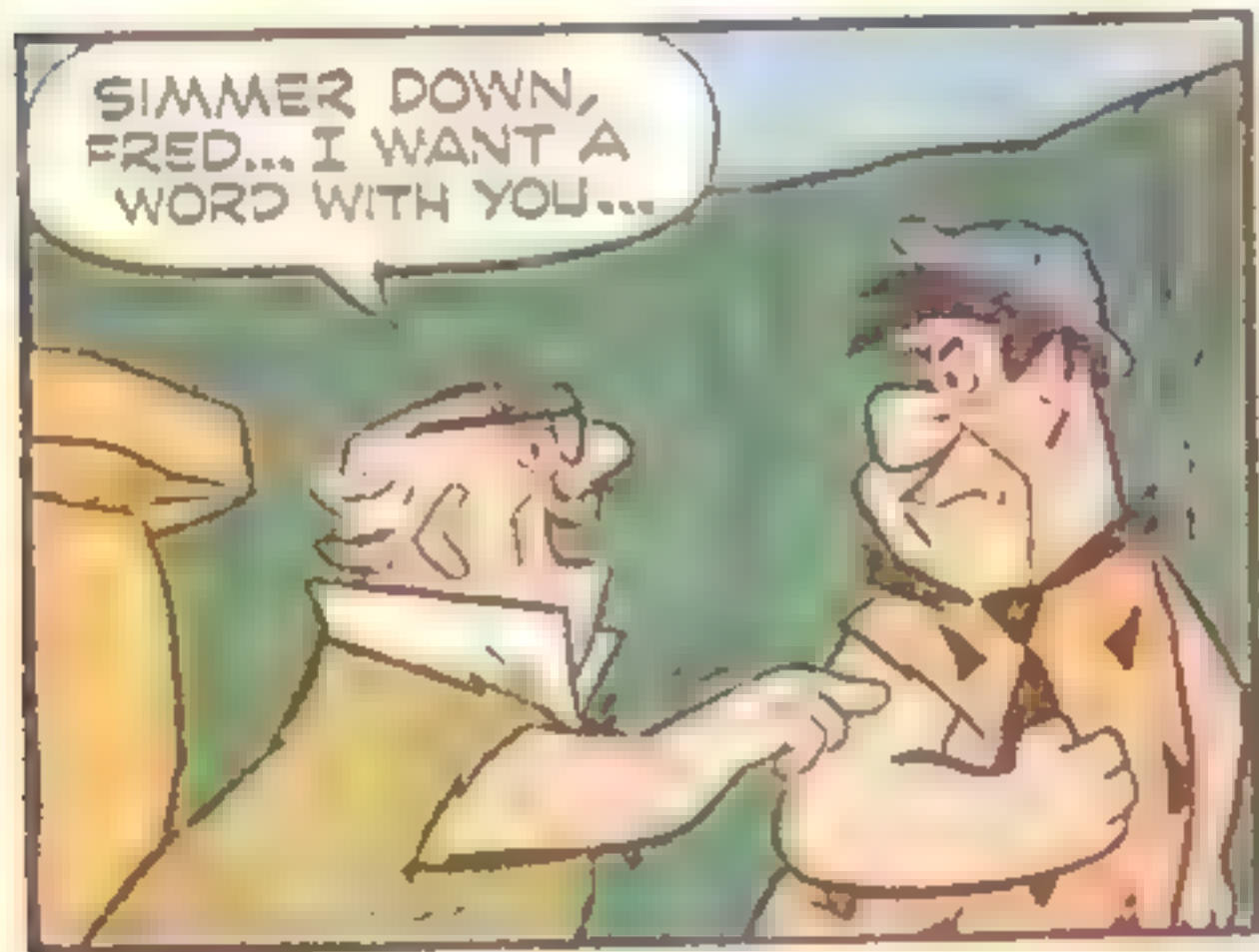
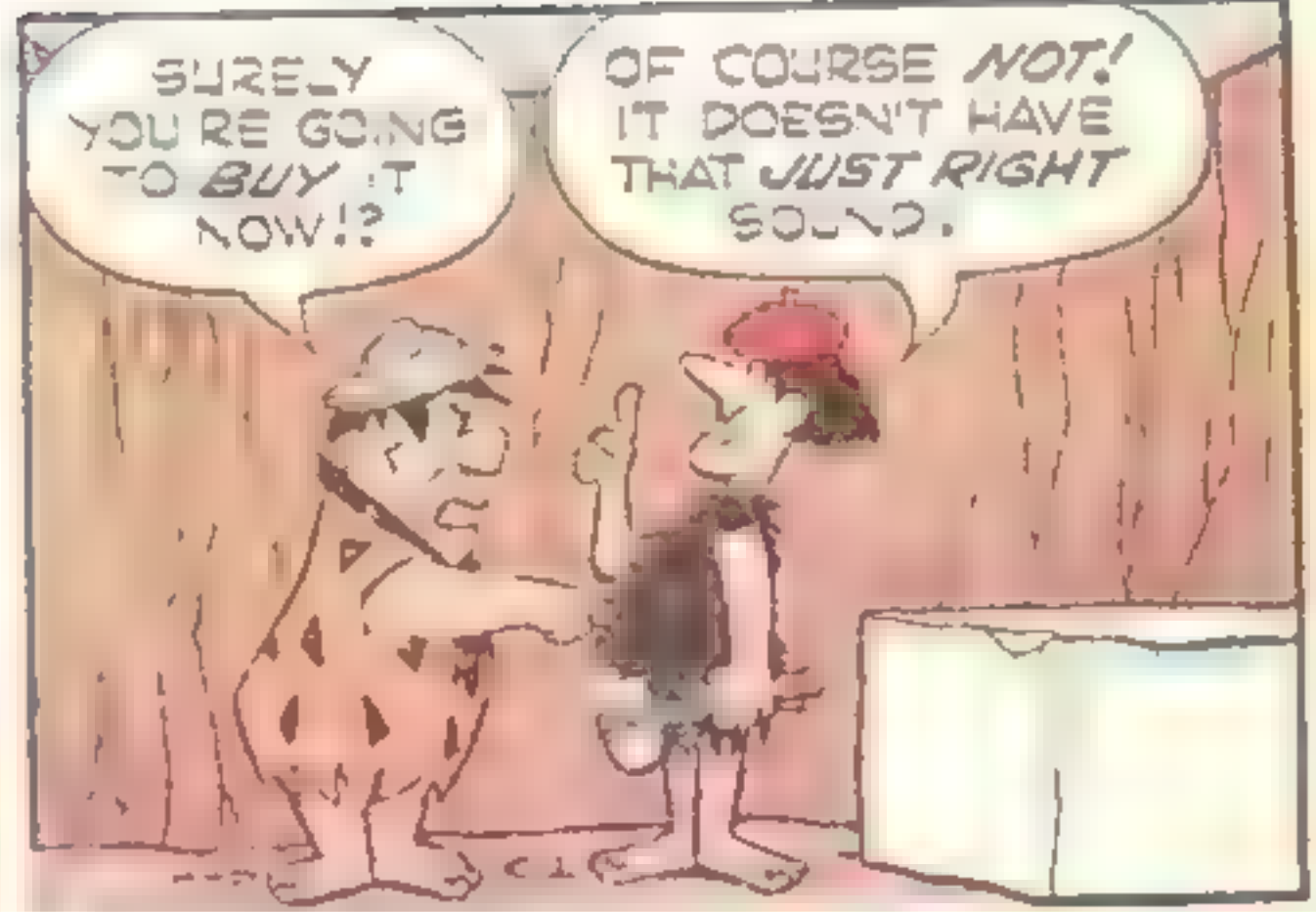
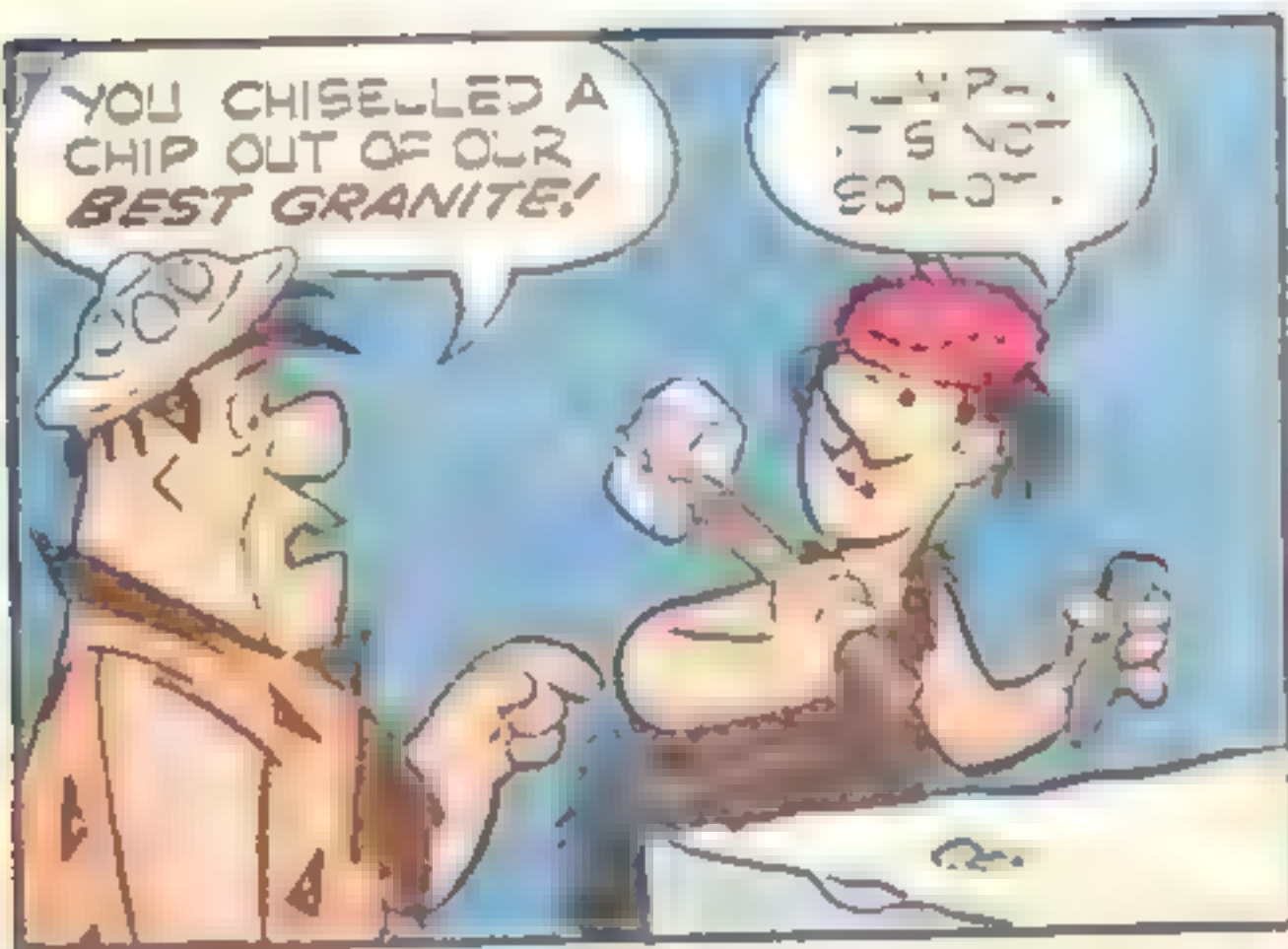
STUNNING!
BUT DONT BLY
ONLY THE 39TH
HAT YOU'VE
TRIED ON,
WILMA...

TRY 'EM ALL ON! I DONT MIND WAITING
FOR MY NEW PORTABLE TV! SOCK 'EM,
FLAP-MAN!

POW! ZOK!
WHAM!
POW!

Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES the **RUGGED ROCK HUNT**





UGH! THIS IS
RARE STUFF...
NO WONDER IT
CAUGHT MR.
CLUNKER'S
EYE...



RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!

HERE COMES
THE SLATE,
SIR!

SOUNDS
GOOD, SO
FAR!

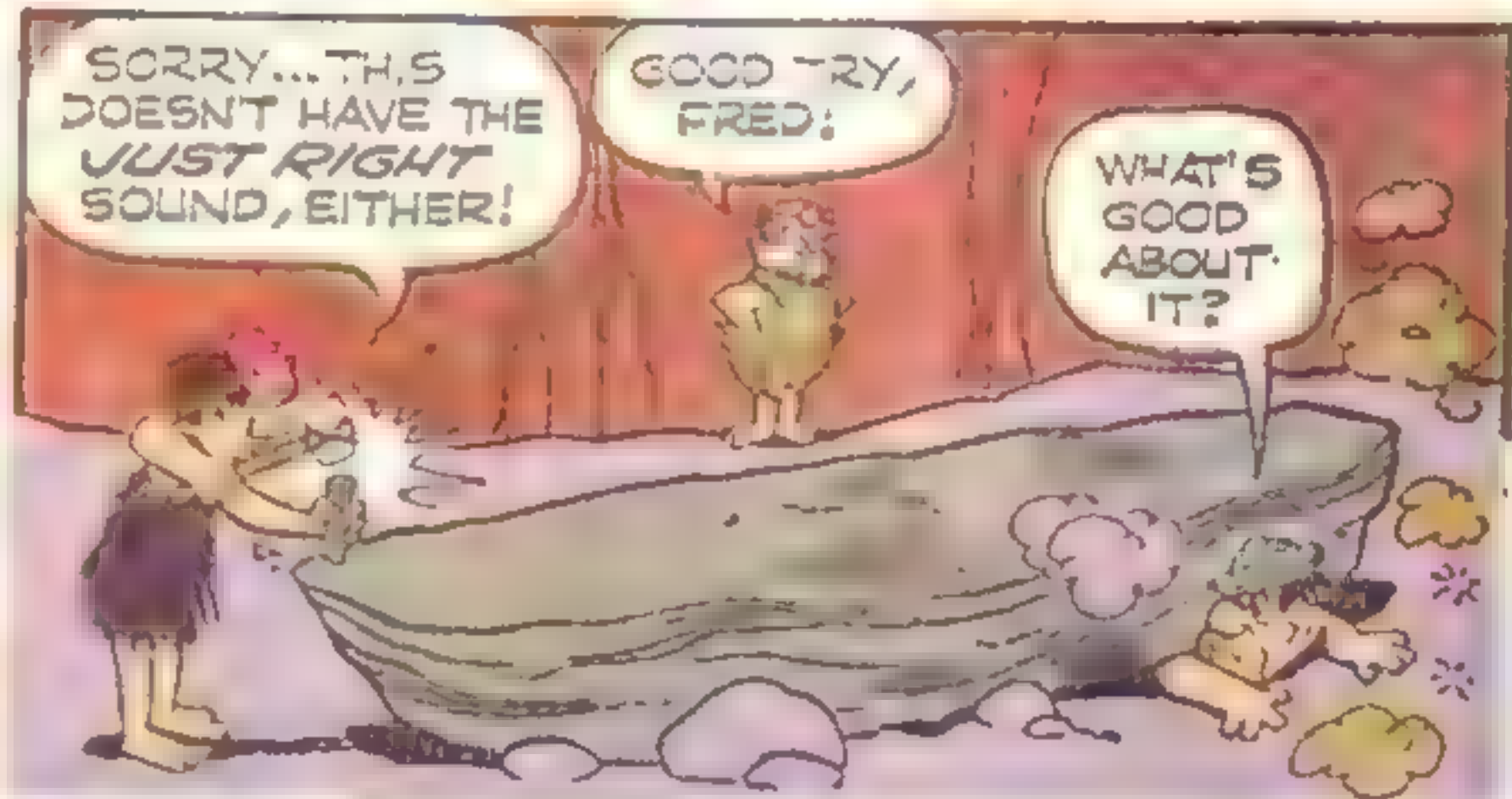


BASH!
CRASH!
MASH!

SORRY...THIS
DOESN'T HAVE THE
JUST RIGHT
SOUND, EITHER!

GOOD TRY,
FRED!

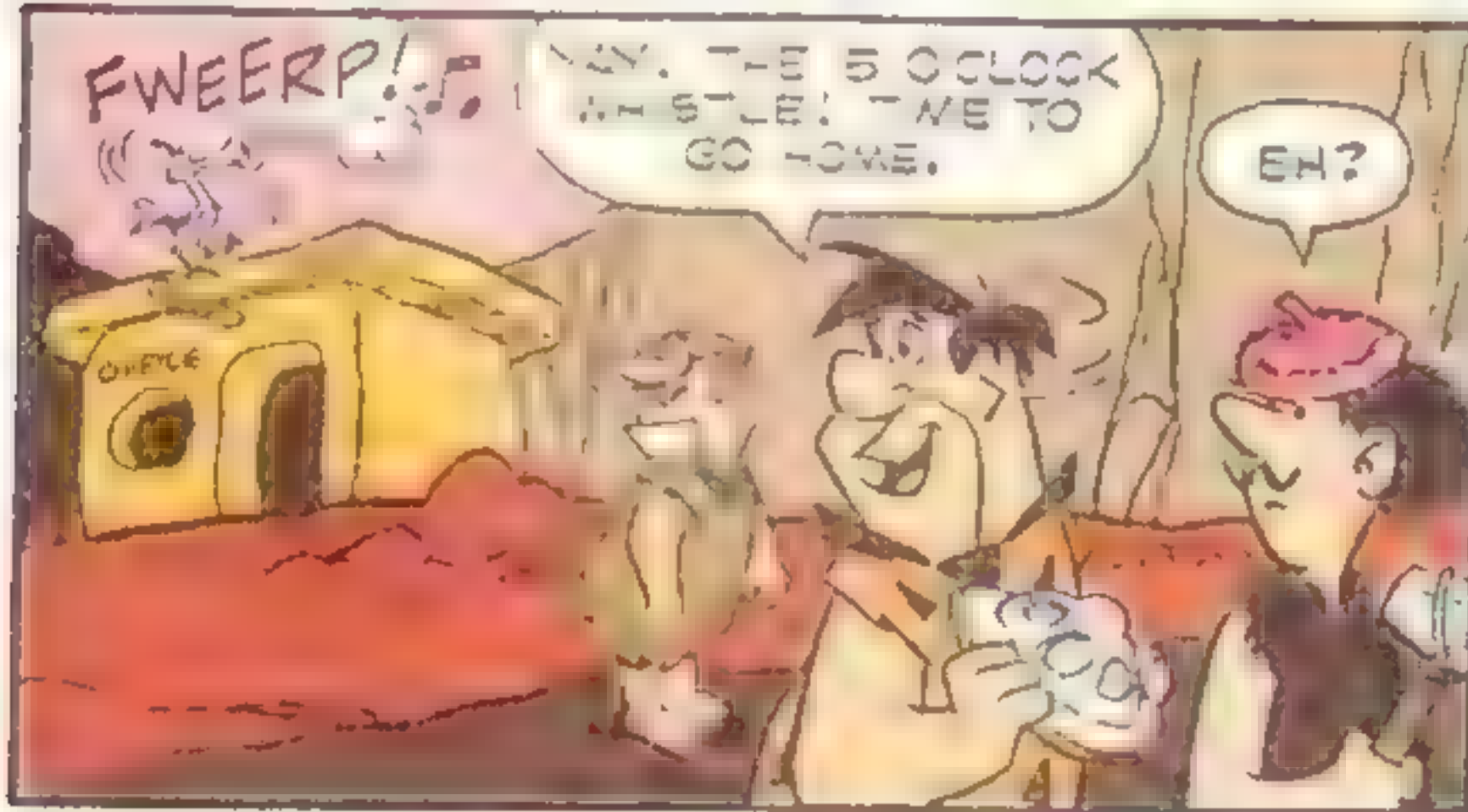
WHAT'S
GOOD
ABOUT
IT?



FWEERP!

HEY, THE 5 O'CLOCK
HISSTLE! TIME TO
GO HOME.

EH?



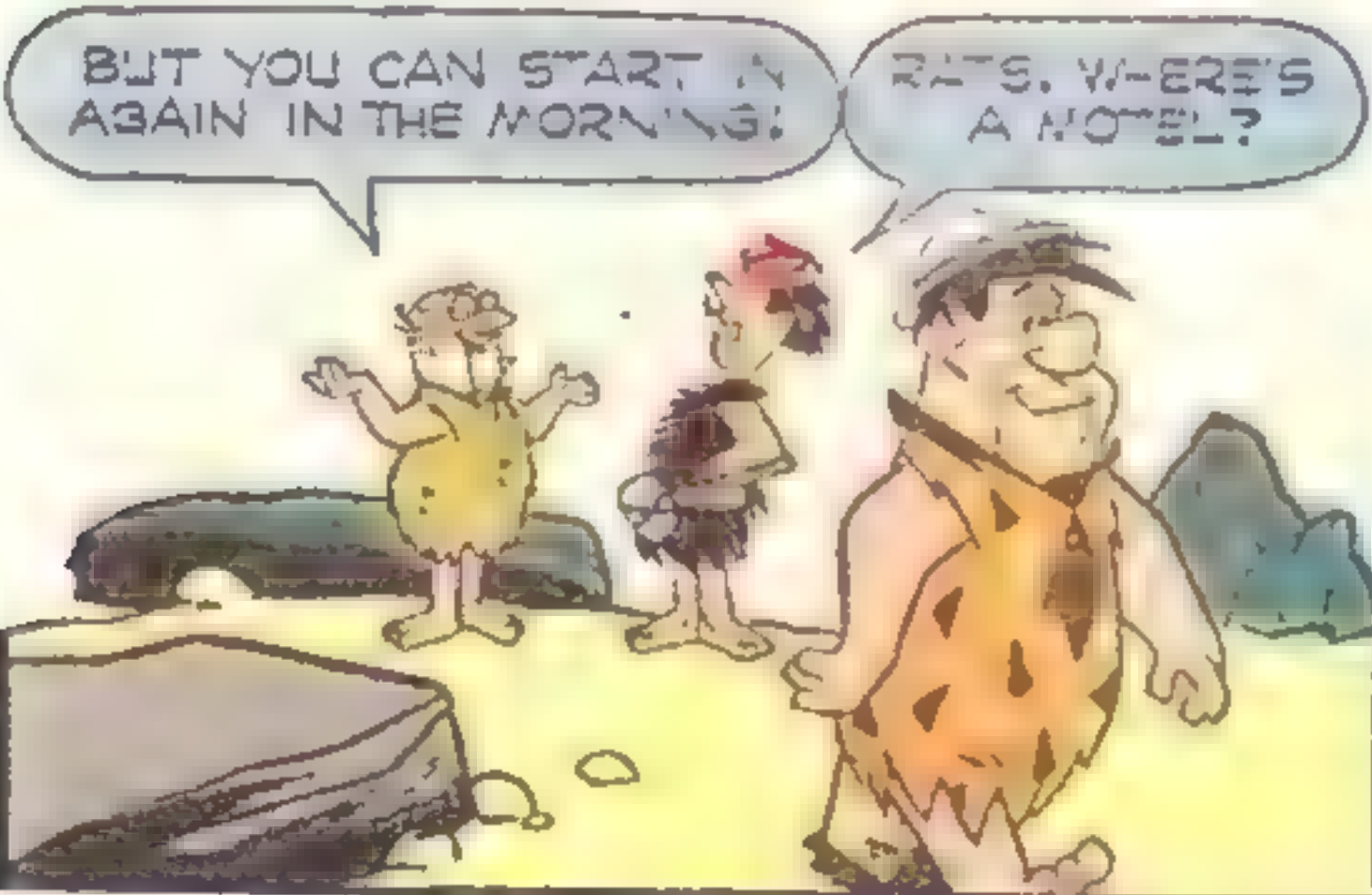
BUT I CAME ALL THE
WAY FROM ROCK-CHESTER
TO SHOP! YOU CAN'T
CLOSE NOW!

SIR...IT'LL
BE DARK
SOON!

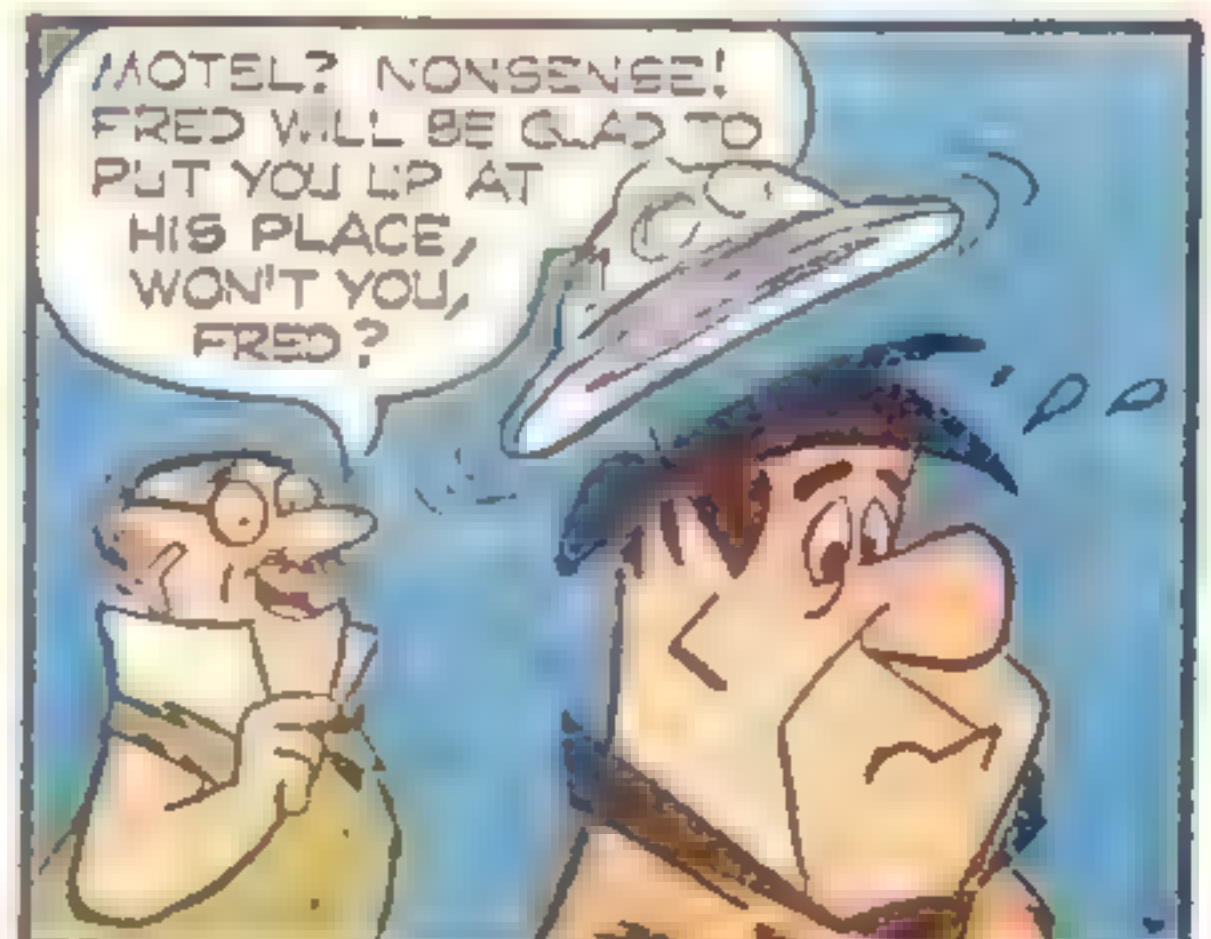


BUT YOU CAN START IN
AGAIN IN THE MORNING!

RATS, WHERE'S
A MOTEL?



MOTEL? NONSENSE!
FRED WILL BE GLAD TO
PUT YOU UP AT
HIS PLACE,
WON'T YOU,
FRED?

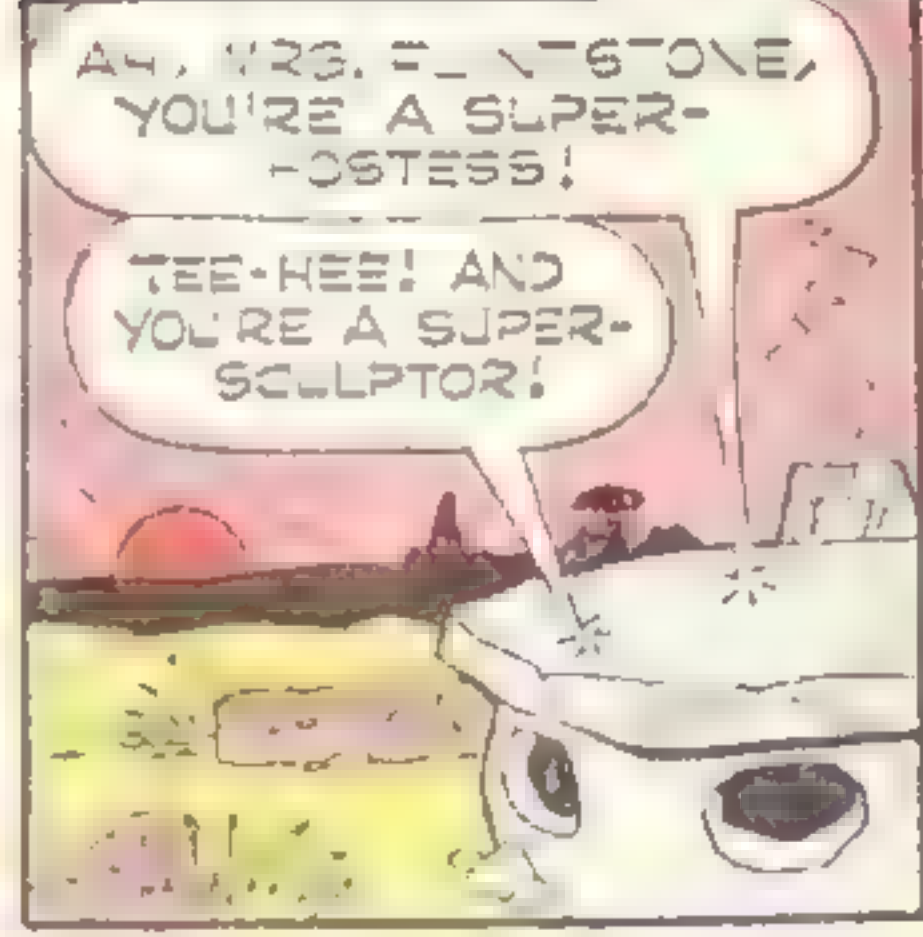




AND SO...

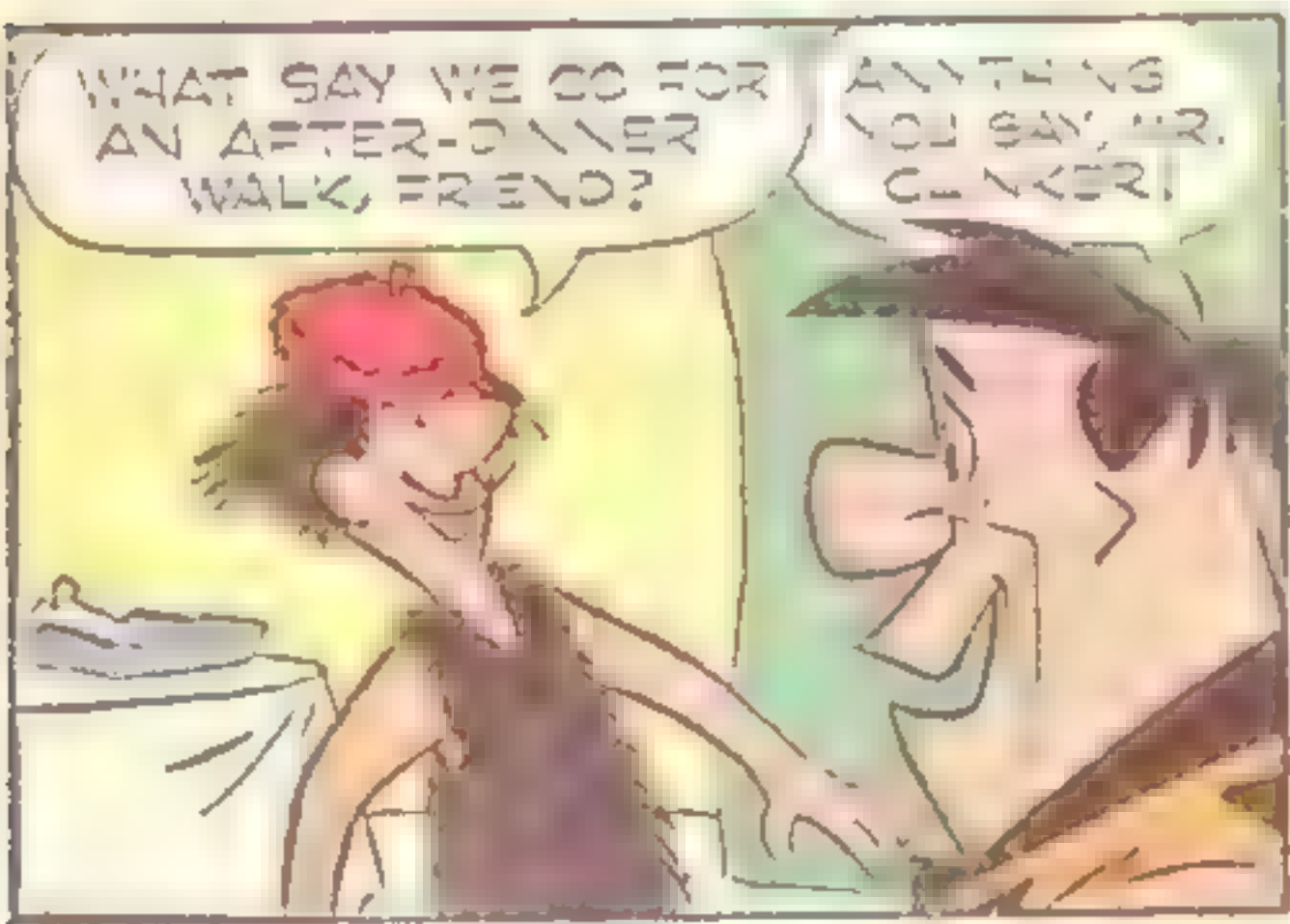
THE BOSS WILL
GIVE US A NICE
ENTERTAINMENT
FEE FOR THIS!

WE SHOULD PAY
HIM FOR THE
PRIVILEGE OF
HAVING CLAUDE
CLINKER, THE
GREAT SCULPTOR,
OUR LOVE, FRED.



AH, MRS. FLINTSTONE,
YOU'RE A SUPER-
HOSTESS!

TEE-HEE! AND
YOU'RE A SUPER-
SCULPTOR!



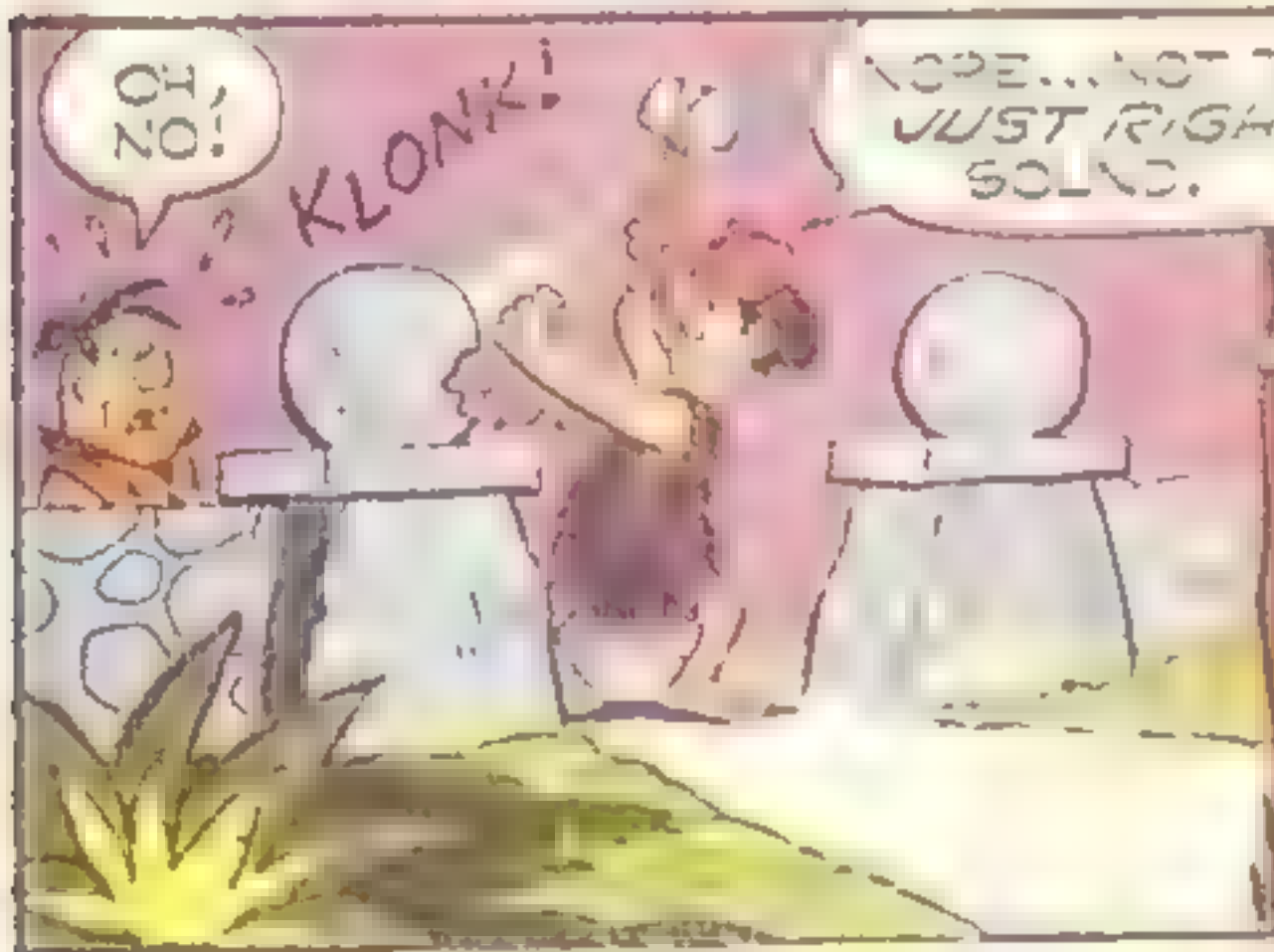
WHAT SAY WE GO FOR
AN AFTER-DINNER
WALK, FRED?

ANYTHING
YOU SAY, MR.
CLINKER!



IF I COULD
YOU SAID
"WALK"?!

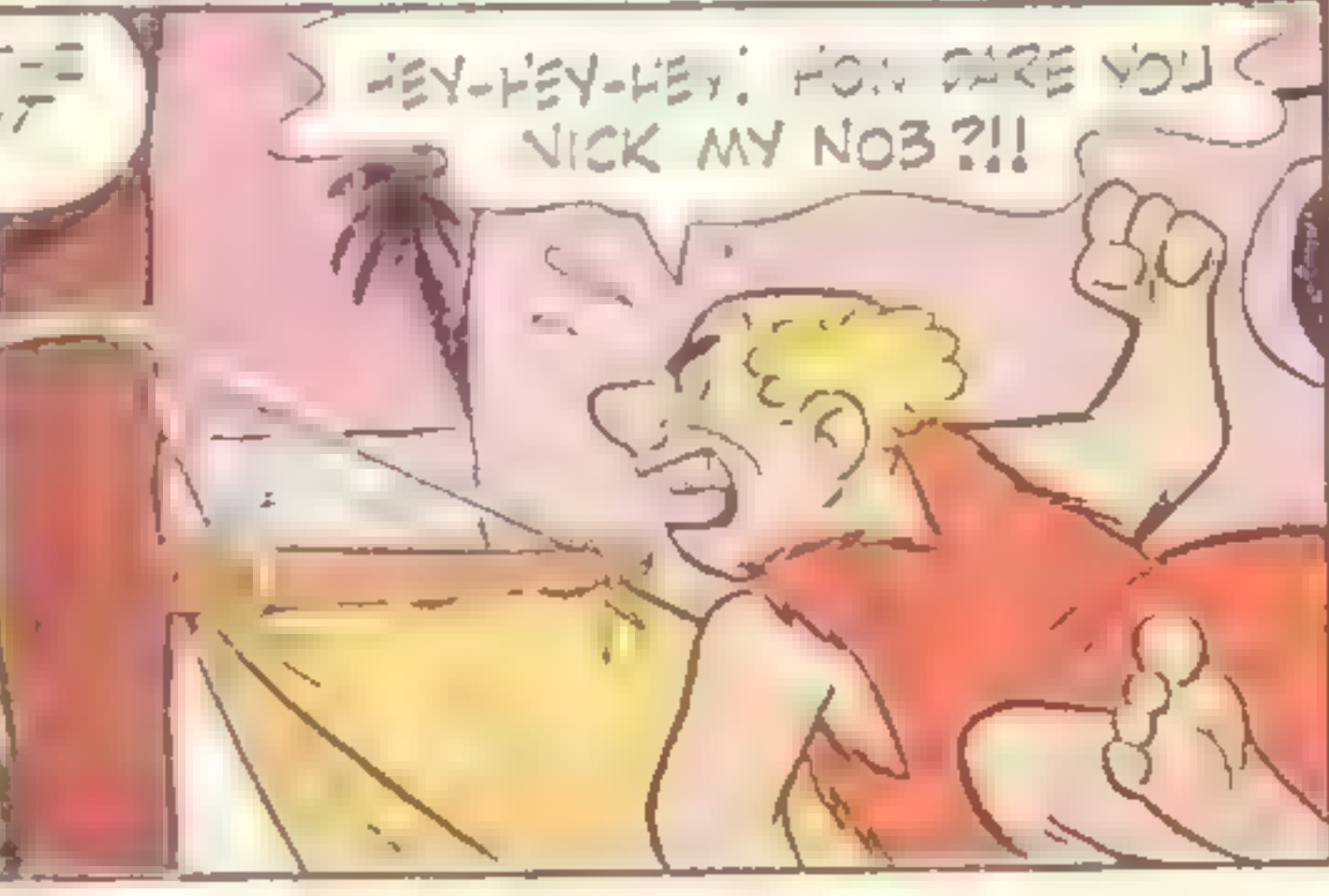
MY-VY-MY... I SEE
SOME STONE WITH
POSSIBILITIES.



OH,
NO!

KLONK!

NOPE... NOT THE
JUST RIGHT
SOUND.

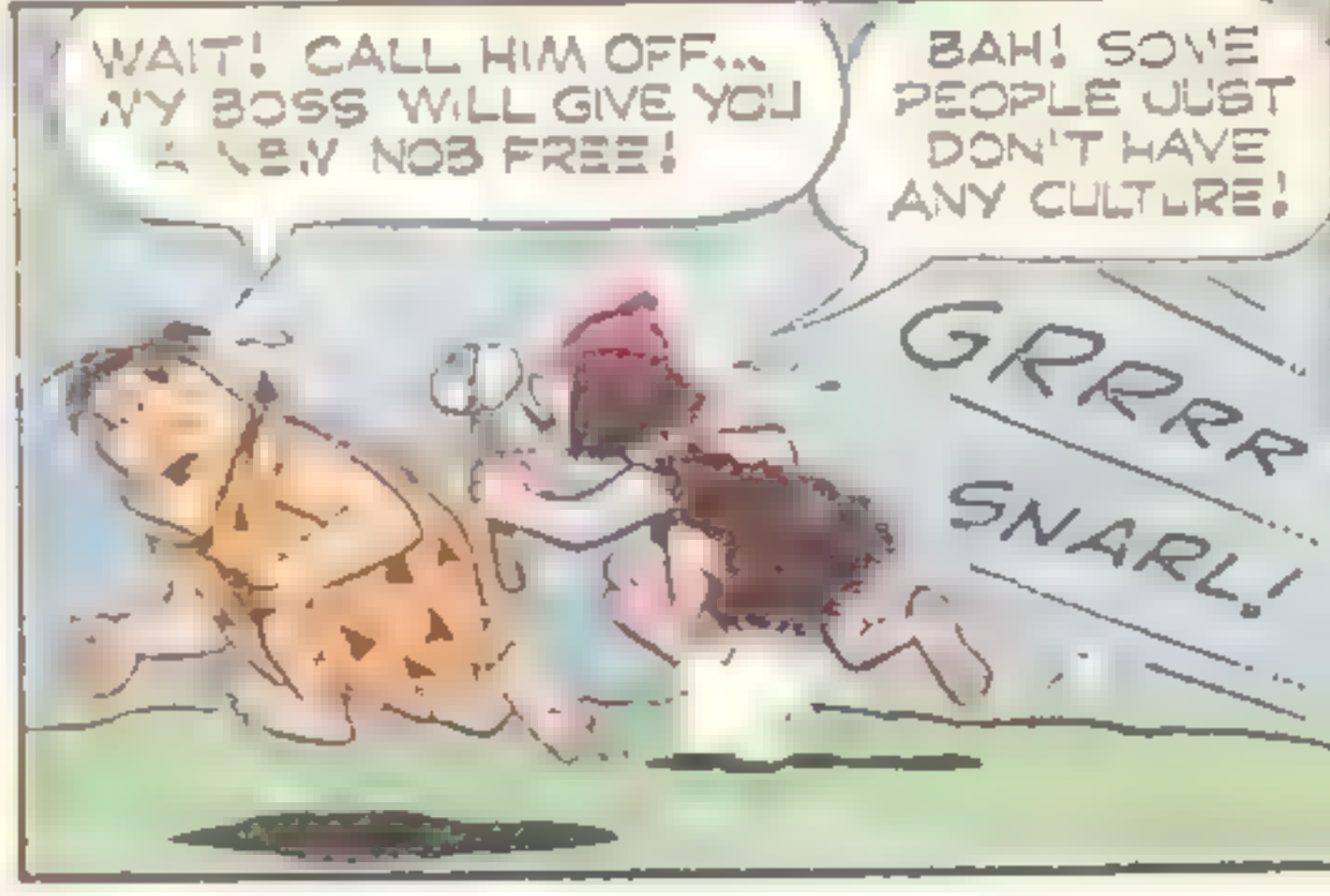


HEY-HEY-HEY! HOW DARE YOU
NICK MY NOB?!!



SIC 'EM, SAURUS!

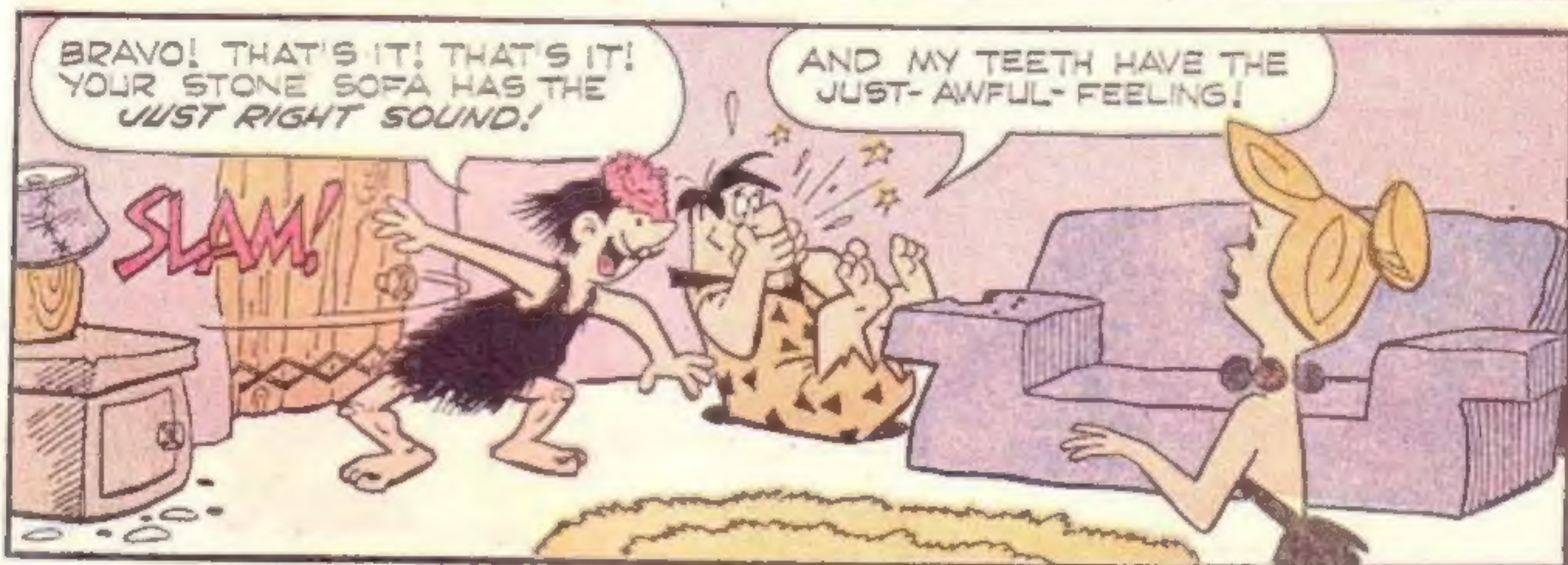
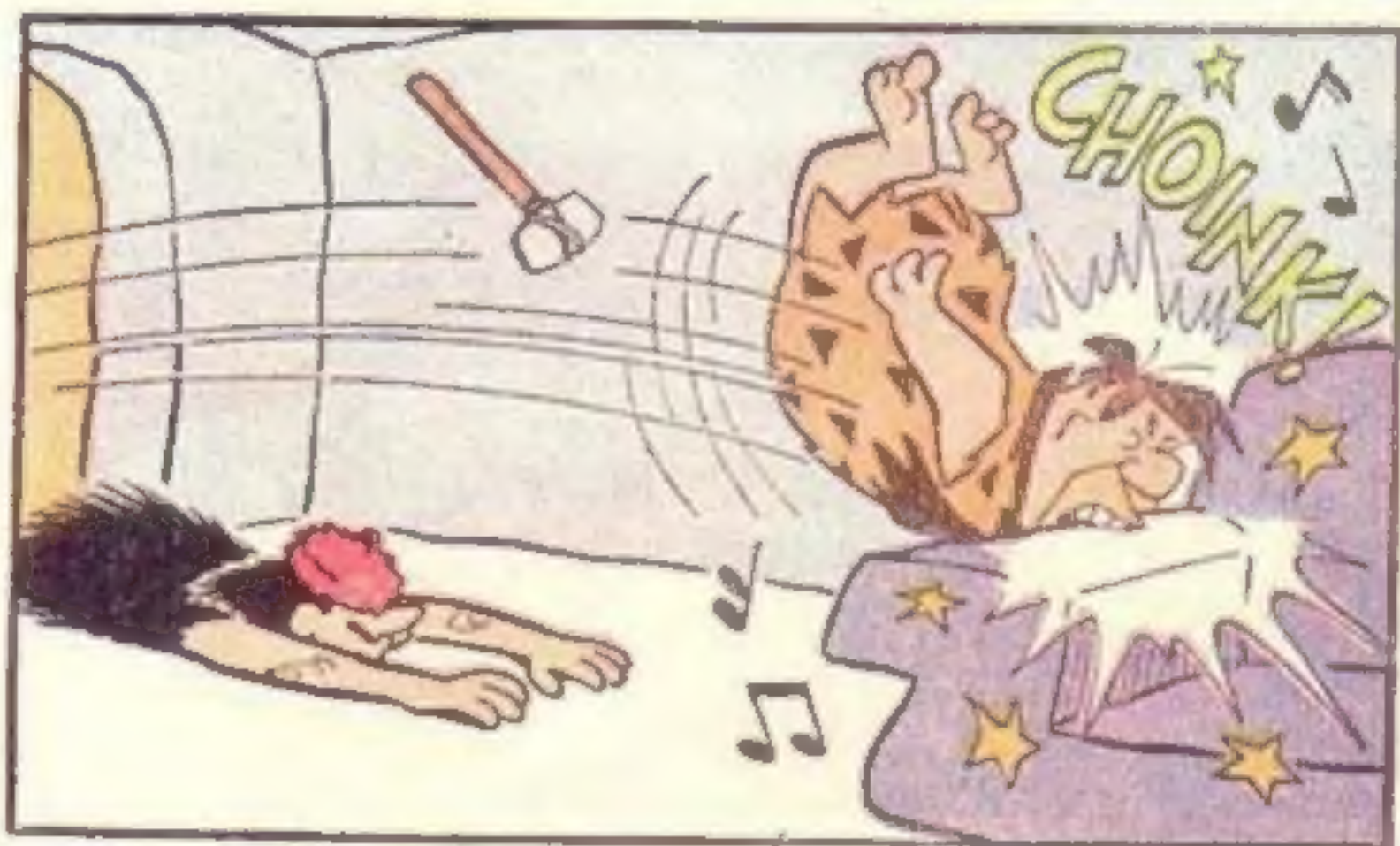
SNRL!



WAIT! CALL HIM OFF...
MY BOSS WILL GIVE YOU
A NEW NOB FREE!

BAH! SOME
PEOPLE JUST
DON'T HAVE
ANY CULTURE!

GRRRR
SNARL!



AND WHEN THE BOSS HEARS ABOUT THE DEAL...

WHAT!?

RELAX! I'LL SPLIT THE LOOT WITH YOU...ER, PARTNER!

I JUST WISH *MONEY* WAS *ALL* THAT WAS INVOLVED...



I CAN'T *BUY* ANOTHER SOFA THAT *FEELS* QUITE THE SAME!

YOU'VE TRIED EVERY SOFA ON THE FLOOR, MISTER!



LOOK, FRED...CLAUDE CLINKER IS EXHIBITING HIS NEW WORK ACROSS THE STREET...



ISN'T HE CLEVER, DEAR?

HMM...NOT BAD ...NOT BAD!



HEH...DON'T MIND *ME*, MR. CLINKER...

EH?



I APPRECIATE YOUR ARTISTRY...IT HASN'T HURT THE BASIC "FEEL" OF MY COUCH!



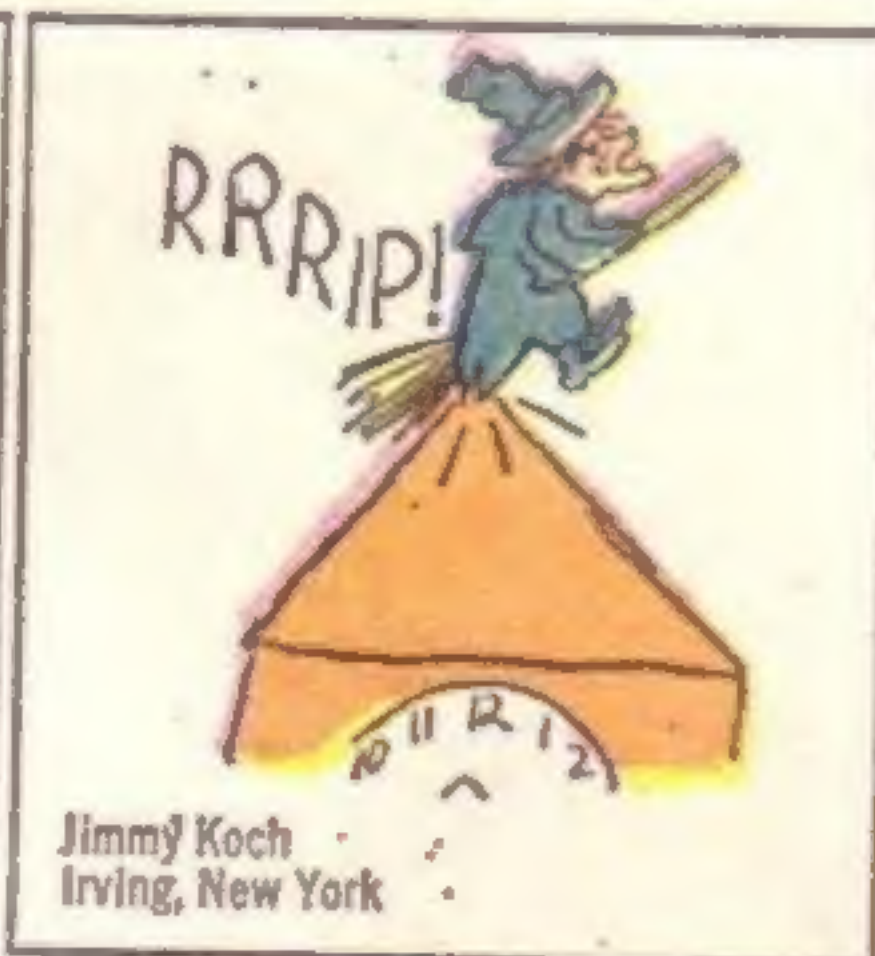


READERS COMPLETE THE COMIC

We knew you could do it! Shown below is the unfinished comic as it appeared in a previous issue and endings sent in by club readers. Now, turn to **COMPLETE THE COMIC** in this issue and see how well you can do with the new strips.



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Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS
ALL
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
K. K. PUBLICATIONS
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.



CAN YOU COMPLETE THE COMIC?

Our gag artist is in trouble again. **HELP HIM!** Send in a funny ending to Complete The Comic, c/o Gold Key Comics Club at the address given below. We'll print the ones we think are the funniest. We know you can do it!



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